NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1863. | VOLUME XVI.—No. 18. PRICE TEN CENTS.

DISAPPOINTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Out from her bower the lady looks—
  Out from her bower looks she;
In vain she sighs, as she turns her eyes:
  Where can her lover be?
Her palfrey stands impatient, and
  All saddled on the lawn,
But the hour he'd promised to ride with her
  Has come, and passed, and gone.

Ah! who can account for the many whims,
  And the strange caprice of love?
She dashes adown her riding whip,
  And throws aside her glove;
She tosses her pretty velvet hat
  With it's waving feathers, away,
And bids the groom with her horse depart,
  For she will not ride to-day!

O, lady, cast those angry looks
  From off your lofty brow;
It really is impossible
  For your lover to be here now;
Nay! curb your imperious gestures,
  And stay your haughty nod,
For the catchpoles your lover so gallant and gay
  Have pinched, and put in quod!

Lately, you see, he's been carrying on
  A pretty extensive rig;
And from out a worthy jeweller's tray
  Some props he tried to prig—
But the cutty-eyed clerks were fly to the dodge,
  And over the counter hopped—
And before he could say "Jack Robinson"
  They had your lover copped!

They put the barnacles on his wrists,
  Those delicate wrists, the loons!
And took him before the old beak on the bench,
  And he gave him forty moons!
So you clearly see the reason, my dear,
  The reason, clearly, I say,
Why your gallant lover cannot be here
  To ride with you to-day!

J. H. B.

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE QUIET ROOM—THE SHOWMAN'S GRIEF—PARTING—A MESSAGE TO WILLIE.

Dead! All over at last; the short life with its thousand varying incidents, its sins and its sorrows. Dead! and the still form, with closed eyes and golden hair, was all that remained to the Earl and Countess of Lorton of one of the children they had sought so long and so earnestly.

Tenderly and reverently the earl laid his hand upon the forehead of his child.

"Thank heaven," he said fervently. "We might have found it worse, Laura."

And the countess, with streaming eyes, kissed the cold lips of her erring child, and acknowledged in her heart that she had indeed been mercifully taken, and Maggie, her hand in that of her new found mother's, with her father's arms around her, pressed her rosy mouth, so bright with life and beauty, to the insensible forehead that would never feel the touch of kindness more, and shed warm tears on the face of the twin sister so lately found, only to be lost to her forever. She thought of her childhood, of her happy Camperton days; of the care and tenderness of the dead man, whom she had always deemed her father, who indeed had no knowledge that he was not so; of the charge he had given her to seek out his wife in her degradation and shame; of the terrible end of her miserable career; and with that recollection came a feeling of thankfulness that she was not indeed the child of such a woman; of Willie Burn, and the many happy hours she had spent with him, but with the remembrance of him came terrible misgivings. What would her father and mother think of *him*? Would they ever suffer their daughter to wed anyone so far beneath them in rank? Would they take her away? What if she should never see him again? All these thoughts flashed through her mind with bewildering rapidity, and she turned faint and cold.

"We have been too sudden for her," said the earl, throwing open the window of the drawing-room into which they had retired from the sad death chamber, while the countess supported her to the sofa. "We should have prepared her better; but it all came about so strangely at last. My child's was the first face I saw in the house, and words rushed to my lips on the instant at the sight of her which perhaps had been better deferred."

"She will be better soon," said Lady Lorton, as the pleasant spring air blew in and removed the faintness which was creeping over the excited girl. "She will hear how this wonderful discovery came about; and I have to hear it yet, Maggie, and——"

"And she will learn to know and trust her father and mother in everything," said Lord Lorton, stooping to kiss her pale cheek and pressing her hand.

Maggie's heart gave a great jump at his words, they had a very meaning tone; could he have heard anything about Willie? Perhaps he had; Mr. Barton was not the sort of man to keep back anything now that matters had come to a crisis. Anyway his words sent a ray of hope and joy into his daughter's sinking heart, and she lay still, her other hand fast clasped in her mother's, in thankful rest after her late excitement.

Meantime Waters and the hired nurse busied themselves about the darkened chamber where all was so still now, where the very ticking of the little ormulu clock seemed loud and harsh in the unwonted silence; where the mistress of Rosa Villa would lie only for a few short days more, and pass from its gates but once again, never more to return.

The earl descended the stairs and joined the party in the breakfast parlor. Waters was used to sudden irruptions of guests and impromptu banquets in the gay days of the household, and though it was shorn of its glories now she had her wits about her.

Knowing Lord Lorton by sight and seeing plainly that some important business was afoot, she ordered her fellow servant to take up refreshments; and a very *recherche* cold lunch was soon set before them. None of them had much appetite, however; James Barton and Dr. Cameron partook slightly; John Thomas could neither eat nor drink.

Remembrance of the days of the childhood of the dying girl rose before him, contrasting with the time when he had last seen her in that very room, radiant in defiant loveliness and glittering with sumptuous adornment, and he felt as if a morsel eaten then, while she lay dying overhead, would choke him.

He turned away from the table and listened for the slightest movement in the house; he had no right to her now, never had, but he had loved her dearly once and he envied the parents who were bending over her. His companions talked of her, of the mysterious and strange manner in which it had come about, but he could not speak. Once or twice they asked some question about her childhood and early life; he answered shortly, almost gruffly.

"Have a glass of wine," said Barton, "and cheer up, man."

"If I could only see her," said poor Thomas, gulping down a mouthful. "Only once more."

"So you will, never fear," said Dr. Cameron. "I'll see about it for you."

He was touched by the honest grief of the showman, a fact which did not seem to occur to Mr. Barton at all. It seemed to him perfectly natural that John Thomas should resign his claim immediately and without comment. Honest fatherly affection had very little part in his nature. Almost at the moment that the doctor spoke, Lord Lorton entered the room, and they saw by his agitated face that something had happened.

"All is over," he said, as soon as he could speak. "She is gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Thomas, starting up. "Dead, without one word, one look for me; gone, without my seeing her. Dead! Oh, Annie, my little Annie."

And bowing his head upon his clasped hands he burst into a passion of grief. They were all touched—the tears stood in Dr. Cameron's eyes, and even Barton felt a strange, choking sensation in his throat. The earl went up to him then and touched him on the shoulder.

"My poor friend," he said in a voice that trembled with emotion, "if we could have foreseen that this was so near at hand you should have been the first to have seen her. You had as much right as I to stand by her dying bed. Even her mother would not have come between you."

"I had no right," he replied huskily—"no claim. But you will let me see her once more?"

"Before you leave the house, I promise you; in a very short time. I will forget all the past and only remember that but for you I should have never stood by my child's side—never have known till it was too late of the daughter I had lost."

John Thomas could not speak; he could only press the hand the earl held out to him, and murmur, "Heaven bless you!" in a choking voice, as his lordship left the room.

"I should like to see her," said Barton. "Poor little thing, how beautiful she was!"

"And so should I," Dr. Cameron added. "I remember the night of her birth so well. I have never seen her since that I know of, except once, when she was about four years old. Do you remember passing through Kinghorn?" he continued, addressing the showman.

"Yes, but I don't recollect you."

"Perhaps not; I spoke to the child, though, and I heard afterwards of your stopping at Matthews'."

Soon Waters appeared, and in saddened tones said they might come up stairs. They rose, but the doctor, laying his hand on James Barton's arm, withheld him, and they let their companion go up alone.

"Afterwards will do for us," he whispered.

The women had been busy about the dead, and with the reverent touch that living hands always bestow upon the departed, they had arrayed poor Madeline Lennox for her last resting place.

The finest and most delicate linen, the rarest lace, the daintiest embroidery enshrouded her as she lay on the bed where her mother had so lately taken her last farewell of her. The costly curtains looped away showed her lovely face as if it were only in sleep that she lay.

The long lashes rested on her marble cheeks, looking as if a gentle slumber only held those veined lids down, as is often the case immediately after death. A look of life had come back to the still face, replacing the suffering expression of the last few hours. Two or three rings still remained upon her fingers, among them the wedding ring and costly keeper, part of the mockery of her late life. Waters had not removed them; she let them stay.

There was no loving husband to seek that remembrance of his dead wife, and they should go to the grave with her. Spotless draperies shrouded the looking glass and toilet table, and spring flowers lay scattered upon the bed; here and there a violet, a primrose or a scarlet japonica peeped out from among the folds of the covering and seemed to breathe of innocence and peace.

The golden hair, once so much admired, had been brushed into many curls and shone in the tempered sunlight like a halo round the marble face. John Thomas' eyes took all in at a glance as he stepped over the threshold.

The beauty, the splendor, the last time he had been in that house all rushed into his head at once, and throwing himself on his knees he buried his head in the covering. Waters left him to himself a while, and he wept out his grief beside the dead girl whom he had passed off as his child. After a while he roused himself and took her cold hand.

"Oh, if she were really mine," he said, "if I might only have one curl of that pretty hair! Many a time I've curled it round my fingers, little Annie."

"You shall have as much of it as you like," said a voice behind him, and turning round he saw the earl, who had come in unperceived. "Come," he said, "you shall see her again to-morrow. We are going away now. Come." And taking him by the hand he led him from the room.

Then the countess and Maggie went in to have a last look, then Dr. Cameron and James Barton, and then, with a few directions from the earl to Waters, they went away and Rosa Villa was left to silence and desolation. James Barton took John Thomas to a lodging, to be paid for by Lord Lorton, and Dr. Cameron went back to his sister's.

The events of the day had turned out so differently from what they had either of them anticipated; the *denouement* of the mystery had come about so much more speedily than could have been foreseen, that everyone concerned felt too bewildered and agitated to enter into the explanations that seemed so necessary to them all.

Lord and Lady Lorton carried off their new found child, the countess feeling as if the voice of her own heart were proof enough of Maggie's identity. She herself felt as if in some strange dream and let them do as they would.

Only when Dr. Cameron took her hand and bade her good-bye did the reality of what had happened seem to strike her.

"Good-bye!" she said, "oh, no, not good-bye!" and she clung round the old man's neck weeping, as if she would keep hold of the old life which seemed slipping away from her grasp.

"Only good-bye for to-night, my dear," said her father, trying to draw her away. "To-morrow we will have all explanations; and I will not seek to prevent my daughter, Lady Margaret," he said, smiling, "from seeing any old friends."

Lady Margaret! How strange it sounded. Maggie felt as if the very words removed her to an immeasurable distance from all she had hitherto held dear; she did not loose her clasp of her old friend till she had whispered a loving message to Mrs. Grant and to Willie. Poor Willie! what would he feel when he heard of what had come about?

"And who is Willie?" asked her mother, drawing her to her, while she gave the good doctor her other hand. "Nay, never blush, my darling. I will ask no questions now. When you are quite used to me you shall tell your mother all."

Maggie felt strangely out of place in the coroneted carriage into which she was handed, with its delicate watered silk linings and aristocratic appointments; nor could she reconcile herself to the handsome face opposite, as the earl's dark eyes looked so lovingly at her face; or the beautiful mother, who seemed as if she could not caress her enough; and she looked at her dark dress and plain silk cloak in absolute dismay.

"We'll soon change all that," said Lord Lorton, following her glance—

'And she shall walk in silk attire,
And siller ha'e to spare.'

"Do you know the old song, Maggie?"

"She is very nice," said the countess. "She looks neat and like a lady;" and she took the hand nearest her and removed the glove. It was the hand with the mark. "But for this," she said, pressing her lips to it, "I should never have found my child."

Her lips touched a ring and she looked at it.

"Was this his ring?" she said, her eyes filling.

"Yes," replied Maggie.

"Say mother, my darling; let me hear it from your lips. Was this Charlie's ring?"

"Yes, mother," she replied softly, as the carriage stopped at the door of her future home.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHERE IS MAGGIE?—CONSTERNATION—MR. WORTLEY'S NEWS.

The several persons so oddly brought together at Rosa Villa went each their way for that night, to meet again in the morning for the explanations so necessary to all. Mr. Barton had only given the earl the merest outline of facts in the interview they had had with him; he, like the countess, felt the truth and was anxious to see his children; explanations would do afterwards, he said, when he ordered his carriage to drive to Highgate. Barton softened as much as he could all he had to say of poor Madeline Lennox, but Lord Lorton heard enough to make him feel that it was a mercy so short a time remained to the poor girl.

"You are sure she is alone, Barton?" he had said, as they drove along.

"Quite sure, my lord. Mr. Saville is on the Continent."

"Say his grace, the Duke of Portarlington," said the earl, somewhat bitterly, "there is no need to tell me the name of my unhappy child's protector."

"He has been generous to her, so this gentleman says," Dr. Cameron remarked.

He saw the dark flush on his lordship's face and sought to say something palliative.

"Generous," he replied, "one is generous to a worn-out brute. No man with any heart would take the kennel or the straw from a dying dog. Pardon me, gentlemen; I speak strongly, but it was not in such a home I thought to find either of my children."

"For the goodness of one of them I can vouch," Barton said, warmly. "A better girl than Maggie Rose—I beg your pardon, my lord, Lady Margaret Dornton—never stepped the stage. She's no taint of the profession about her, I can tell you."

The earl sighed—a relieved sigh—as the carriage stopped at the gate of the pretty little garden; and he felt something less bitterly as he thought of the absent proprietor when he saw the trim neatness and exquisite embellishments of his child's dwelling-place.

There was no neglect, as if she were allowed the house to die in and no more; everything had been kept as if the master were there; not one of the evidences of refinement and taste were wanting that had been visible in the villa's palmiest days—proving that if the absent nobleman's affection had died out with his charmer's failing health, he was at least a gentleman in mind and conduct.

Dr. Cameron went back to his sister's towards evening, and found her in a state of great wonderment as to where he could possibly have been all day. He had left her in the morning on receipt of a message from Barton, but he had not clearly explained where he was going or that the end of the mystery respecting the daughters of Lord Lorton was so near at hand.

"I was getting quite concerned about you," she said, as he came in, looking very tired and agitated, "What has come of you all day? You look done up."

"So I am, Mary," he replied; "this has been a very agitating day to me."

"Well, sit down and get a cup of tea; I'm afraid you'll be ill if you don't take more care. We won't wait for Mr. Burn or Maggie either; I'll make fresh for them."

"You'd have to wait a long time for Maggie, sister."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! why, that she's gone home to her own proper house in her father's carriage, with her mother by her side."

Mrs. Grant stopped in her preparations and stared at him in mute astonishment.

"Do you mean that?" she cried. "Has it really all come about, and is she actually proved to be the earl's daughter?"

"Really, sister; there is nothing to be done but to write to the clergyman at Kinghorn, my dear old friend, Ferguson, for the written confession of the nurse. I never knew of its existence until to-day; I thought she had died and never spoken. I thank heaven that it was not so."

"Poor, dear girl," said the widow, "I am heartily glad for her, but I shall miss her sweet face terribly; and Mr. Burn, poor fellow, what will become of him? He loved her like the very apple of his eye."

"Ay, poor Willie," said the doctor, "it will be a sore trial for him."

"Who is taking my name in vain?" said a cheery voice, and Willie stood in the doorway.

He had caught the sound of his own name, but not what followed.

"Why, what's the matter with you both? You look as solemn as—Dr. Cameron, *what* is it?" he said, stopping suddenly in his sentence. "Where is Maggie?"

"Maggie?" began the old man, "she is—" he broke off, and taking Willie's hand, he said, "she's gone, my boy."

"Gone!"

"Ay, gone home to Eaton Square with her parents; it's all come out at last. Why, Willie, Mr. Burn, never take it to heart like that," for the young man's head was bowed on his clasped hands, and his manly form was shaking with suppressed emotion, "think of the future before her."

"Yes, before *her*," he said, raising his face, all white and quivering, and looking at the doctor. "I know well what the future has in store for her—wealth and splendor, loving words and sweet smiles, gaiety and flattery; but what has it for me?"

"Come, come, cheer up," said Dr. Cameron, "things may have a bright side yet for you, who knows?"

"A bright side," he said bitterly, "oh doctor, you do not know, you cannot, the depth of my love for Maggie! It has grown with me since I was a little boy; since first I saw her pretty face, so bright and fresh, in the dusty theatre at Camperton. For her sake I worked and tried to get on; for her sake my invention has been such a triumph to me; for her I would have died if need be, and now, just as my measure of happiness seemed full, it is dashed from my grasp!"

"Gently, gently," said the old doctor, "don't throw it down yourself and then say other hands did it. Maggie will have something to say in this matter herself; you do not doubt her truth, do you?"

"Doubt her," said Willie, passionately, "she is truth itself. No, I do not doubt *her*, but Lady Margaret Dornton will have no will of her own after this, I fear."

"Won't she?" the doctor said, slyly. "She'll be the same Maggie as ever, or I don't know her; when you're quite ready to hear it I've a message for you, Mr. Burn; and something to tell you."

"From her?"

"Yes, from her; you'll see her again in a day or two never fear; the earl isn't such a dragon as you seem disposed to fancy; and as for the countess I don't believe she'll ever say her daughter nay."

"But Maggie herself, what did she say? What message did she send to me?"

"Ah, my dear boy, you should have been in my place to have the kisses the little witch bestowed upon me. If you had seen her hugging me so, with the tears streaming down her poor pale face, you'd have known there was quite as much sorrow as joy in her going away.

"'Oh, comfort Willie, doctor,' she said, 'give him my best love, and tell him whatever happens I'm his own dear Maggie always.' There's a sweet kernel to your bitter nut after all, you see, and she'll keep her word, depend upon it."

"She will if she can."

"If she can! Trust a woman for getting her own way when she wants it. But you'll see her to-morrow, depend upon it, and in the meantime we'll have our tea and I'll tell you all about what has happened."

Willie listened with great interest to his old friend's story of the events of the day, and tried to be cheered by his reiterated assurances of speedily seeing Maggie again, but he could not eat.

"It's no use," he said, pushing away his plate. "It chokes me. I promised to fetch her from the theatre to-night."

"The theatre! There'll be a pretty commotion there; if I wasn't so tired and feeble I'd go and see how things get on. Miss Maggie has been a person of importance there lately, hasn't she?"

"Yes," replied Willie, sadly, "Mr. Wortley made the most of her beauty. She was to have appeared in the *ballet* that made such a sensation last season. I think I'll go and see what they say about it."

Dr. Cameron was glad to see him take his hat and go, instead of brooding at home.

"He doesn't quite despair, I know," he said to himself, "and he'll have her yet, for all that's come and gone, or the earl's not the noble fellow I take him for. Why, he's a husband fit for a princess."

Great was the consternation at the Albert Theatre when the time for commencing the *ballet* drew near and the representative of the golden haired sylph of the fountain was not at her post.

Mademoiselle Dolores was in an unusually sarcastic humor, and demanded the presence of Margaret Ross in her dressing room for some final instructions. Her dresser returned with the startling intelligence that Miss Ross was not in the theatre.

"Not in the theatre!" shrieked Dolores, "and only a few minutes until she is wanted; has she been sent for?"

The girl did not know.

"Then find out, stupid!" was ma'amselle's next order, the answer to which was that a messenger had been despatched to Miss Ross' lodgings, but that she was nowhere to be found.

She had gone out immediately after breakfast and had not since returned.

Mademoiselle raved and stormed; the *ballet* girls chattered among themselves; Mr. Schryme wondered; in vain, there was no Maggie. What was to be done?

The last act of the first piece was rapidly drawing to a close, the *ballet* followed; and, even were she to arrive now she could not prepare herself in less than an hour, for it was Dolores' pleasure that her hair should be most elaborately curled in countless little ringlets, her own style for the *role* of the night being massive braids, which well suited her style of features.

All were in despair; a hundred comments passed from lip to lip, and scores of surmises were on their tongues; she was ill; she was dead; she had met with an accident; she had eloped, &c., &c. The probabilities of each were vehemently discussed as the girls stood about the stage in wondering groups.

"The *ballet* must be cut out," said mademoiselle, decisively. "There is no one else to do her part. Schryme, tell Mr. Wortley I say so."

"Couldn't Miss Kerton?" began the *ballet* master, in some trepidation; he was terribly afraid of Dolores.

"No, Miss Kerton couldn't," she replied, insolently. "I'm not going to have the thing spoiled in that way. Stupid old idiot," she muttered under her breath, "why doesn't he go and do as I tell him?"

There was no need, for Mr. Wortley made his appearance at the moment, followed closely by Barton.

"I can account for this mysterious disappearance," he said, in answer to the voluble flow of angry words with which mademoiselle assailed him. "Young ladies, I must trouble you to change your dresses for the last piece, and then we will finish with 'Giselle.' You will oblige me, Ma'amselle Dolores."

"I don't know," said the Frenchwoman, pertly. "Remember my engagement; no dancing the people out of the house for me."

"I do remember," he replied in his blandest tones. "But this is an emergency. Our young friend, Miss Ross"—he spoke as if she had been his daughter at least, and the girls crowded round to hear—"has left us forever."

"Left!" exclaimed a startled chorus of nymphs.

"Yes, left. A most unexampled piece of good fortune has befallen her. She has, through the untiring energy of Mr. Barton, been proved to be the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lorton, and co-heiress to an immense fortune. You will remember Miss Lennox, ladies. She was Margaret Ross' twin sister—would have shared her brilliant prospects, but"—he hesitated a moment to give full effect to his words—"she died this morning."

Died! How the words fell upon his hearers. They had almost all been in the theatre on the night of that triumphant *debut*, and they shuddered as they thought of the beautiful girl they so well remembered, now lying cold and dead.

They went away silently to their dressing rooms, while the manager walked on to the stage, hat in hand, to bend low, and, "with bated breath and whispering humbleness," to inform the astonished audience of the unavoidable absence of the "fairest flower in his professional parterre."

Mr. Wortley dearly loved to make a speech; and on this particular evening he had subject enough for a dozen. He was affected just to the right extent by the romance of real life he had to relate, and he used his cambric handkerchief, and allowed his voice to tremble to such a nicety when he spoke of the dear young lady, whom he had regarded almost in the light of a daughter, being suddenly raised to such a pitch of prosperity, that half the women in the theatre wept for very sympathy; and when he left the stage and disappeared with a parting bow to see after the welfare of the rest of his dramatic blossoms, the ladies voted him by common consent the nicest and most gentlemanly manager that ever existed.

His people talked and wondered among themselves, but it told well for Maggie's gentle nature that not one was jealous of her good fortune; every one of her late companions had some pleasant recollection of Lady Margaret Lorton.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sketches taken at the Seaside
Wonderful Crab size of life caught by Miss R— whilst rowing
Jones had to Carry Her out of danger which of course wonderfully
Then had to carry her Mother which was very delightful
Rather like the Poetry
Awful Boy
It's so delightful with the Umbrella shutting out the world
The Ancient Mariner
Going to the Bath
Coming from the Bath
A Group of
It's awful Boys above will always bathe in the natural State
Outcast Dogs of the country
Where's the restaurant
Mark and left
1st Boy Oh don't this jolly
2nd Boy I should rather think it was

"UNLUCKY JEREMIAH,"

A Character Well Known on the Turf.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Eccentricity of character is a peculiarity which the sports of the field and the turf are admirably calculated to develop. Not a great many years ago, when the Union and Centreville courses were in the height of their glory, and the best of our citizens delighted in the pastime, those famous tracks, and the roads leading to them, were frequented by a good humored fellow named, properly, Alanson Chivers—abbreviated, for brevity's sake, into 'Lance—but who was so invariably unfortunate in his speculations that he won, at last, the *soubriquet* of "Unlucky Jeremiah." He was one of those whose bread, emphatically, was always sure to "fall on the buttered side." In other words, ill luck was so apt to attend every little speculation in which he took a hand, that he passed, by degrees, into a proverb, and the communication to another of a piece of news regarding a misfortune to a friend, was sure to be followed by the ejaculation, "Unlucky Jeremiah!" 'Lance haunted the roadside taverns on field days, and on other occasions the various houses of entertainment in the city where sportsmen most do congregate, and in all of them the anecdotes of his repeated mishaps formed a staple portion of the current gossip. If he hazarded a sum of money upon any but the simplest game of cards he was bound to lose. Whichever side he saw proper to favor at a horse race or a prize fight, was the side that did *not* win. A dog fight or a cock fight was attended with like results to him. In fishing he was steadily unsuccessful, yet, nothing could induce him to forego a day's recreation with hook and line, although he knew it was certain to rain, and that he would catch nothing but crabs and toad fish. At cricket, a ball was ever doomed to be hurled into the midst of a thicket of briars or a mud puddle. At billiards he was forever pocketing his own ball. In short, it was always safe to bet that whatever 'Lance Chivers favored was in for defeat.

'Lance brooded over his disappointments, but they did not make him morose. To the contrary, he joined in the laugh which was raised against him, and persisted in the belief that one day fate would relax and settle the scales in his favor. Meanwhile, how he contrived to live was a mystery solvable only by those who, like him, are obliged to subsist by their wits. But there comes a time when the patience of even the most hopeful is exhausted, and 'Lance at last gave way to a feeling of discouragement. His means had run out, his clothes were getting seedy and creditors were beginning to pester him with duns. An unlucky issue to a race in which he had interested himself decided him. His last friend had fallen off, and in his dilemma there seemed but a single alternative. Not far from McComb's, on the Harlem river, is a sheltered sandy cove to which our hero was in the habit of resorting to bathe. On a day in the early spring when the air was still chilly and the atmosphere lowering, 'Lance absented himself on some trivial excuse from a party with which he had been "passing the rosy" to a greater excess than his wont, and cautiously took his way to the spot in question. Climbing a point of rock which jutted out from the cove, he surveyed the frowning skies, uttered an apostrophe to fate and plunged fearlessly into the stream, just at the moment when another unfortunate, intent on the self-same act of self-immolation, leaped in from the other side of the ledge. The result was that they encountered in the midst of the stream, when both, suddenly changing their minds and not relishing the idea of being dragged under, instituted a series of pugilistic manœuvres, in the midst of which they stranded in shallow water and rapidly scrambled ashore.

"What did you interfere for?" angrily exclaimed 'Lance, with his mouth full of sand and salt water.

"What in thunder did *you* interfere for?" was the exasperated retort.

"Can it be possible," said 'Lance, "that there lives another being than myself whom fate has treated so shabbily that he seeks to rid himself of existence?"

"Sir," said the other, in whom 'Lance had recognized a fellow sportsman of means and influence, "you see before you the most wretched of men. At last week's races I was so unfortunate as to be a loser to an unwarranted extent. To make matters worse, my favorite racer died outright on the morning before; so that nothing appears to be left me but the course I was adopting."

"Yes, there is one other course for both of us; society has maltreated us; let us enter into an alliance offensive and defensive, and be revenged," said 'Lance, as if a new idea had struck him.

"Agreed," replied the other; "what is your plan?"

"I'll tell you," rejoined 'Lance; "it is this: I am known as the most unlucky sportsman in or around Manhattan."

"Enough! Jeremiah!" said sport number two, laconically.

"The same," responded 'Lance, dolefully. "Now, what I propose is this:—I will return to the turf and bet extravagantly upon all the well known winning horses, yourself furnishing the stakes. Everybody else, as a matter of course, will bet on the opposite, and we, dividing the issue, will come out winners."

This suggestion was instantly closed with by the unlucky Snaffle (which name we shall assume to be his, for want of a better). The result was an unlooked-for amount of success, and the friends and allies regarded themselves as hooked for a fortune. 'Lance would not bet upon any but a horse of established repute, and many a green horse was accordingly taken in and done for. Snaffles playing stool pigeon, and "roping them in."

A race was arranged to take place on a certain day between two horses of surpassing fame on the turf. For some time the stables at Snedicker's, where they were domiciled, were the centre of attraction to turtles and roadsters. 'Lance and Snaffles—who had become known as the Dromios of the race course, were on hand as usual. In the afternoon Snaffles had engaged in a game of euchre in the hotel, while 'Lance had thrown himself down beneath a shady tree in the adjacent garden, with the view of obtaining a nap. In this purpose he was defeated by two persons whom he recognized as the groom of one the favorites and an idle character of bad repute, who had been in the habit of lounging about the neighborhood, occupying himself with such jobs as might fall in his way. Lance listened with all his ears to the conversation between these two worthies, who were concocting a scheme for "doctoring" the rival horse. Presently they were joined by the groom of the latter, who gave them some money, and all three, promising to rendezvous at midnight, adjourned to the bar.

Five minutes thereafter, Lance presented himself before the gentleman who was thus to be victimized.

"Sir," said he, "I have discovered a dangerous plot against Damsel which will lose you the race and may injure the animal for life. What will you give me if I save the horse for you and win the race?"

"You shall have one thousand dollars, 'Lance, and my influence."

"Won't do," replied 'Lance; "the rascals are ensured five thousand dollars if their plan succeeds."

"Very well, then; *five* thousand be it—only save my poor Damsel."

'Lance lost no time in consulting his chum. That night two persons stealthily entered the stall in which Damsel was supposed to be dreaming of the morrow. A potion injected into the drink of the luckless quadruped quickly completed the errand upon which they had come. In another moment the groom was in bed, and his companion absorbed in a game of euchre at the bar. 'Lance and his confederate, having been watching from their covert, thought it now time to interfere. What they accomplished was made known to no one, but on the next morning both steeds were pacing the course, impatiently waiting for the match to begin. The owner of Damsel cast an uneasy glance at 'Lance, who winked "all right" with his eyes, as plainly as words could have said it.

The owner of Thundergust (the rival racer) seemed uncommonly hilarious and treated extravagantly at the wine at the bar. Bets were flying about briskly, and 'Lance and his friend Snaffle were up to their eyes in business, being determined to "make hay" whether the sun shone or not. The stand was crowded by persons attracted by the fame of the competitors. The horses were saddled, the judges took their places, the word was given and the race commenced. Thunder-

gust was in capital spirits and as brisk as a streak of chain lightning, while Damsel was, if anything, a little sleepy. Presently, however, Damsel waked up a bit, while Thundergust grew weak in the knees and acted strangely. The course of Damsel was now straight onward, as though she scented victory in the distance. Thundergust was visibly slackening and soon began to reel, as a man does when he is drunk, while his mouth was dripping with foam. The proprietor turned pale and was visibly uneasy, which increased as he saw that his friends were losing confidence. Lance and his partner were hilarious. Much enthusiasm now prevailed in favor of Damsel, the tide having shifted. As the steeds came neck-and-neck the shouting was prodigious, but when, long ere they had rounded the track, Damsel shot ahead, leaving Thundergust to stumble up to the stand at his leisure, the cheering almost rent the sky. Handkerchiefs were waved, and the owner of Damsel was congratulated upon his good fortune. The owner of Thundergust was not inclined to submit so tamely. "There is foul play somewhere," he said, in a tempest of passion; "any one can see that the horse has been drugged."

So, indeed, he had, and the "race," in this case, might not have been to the "swift," had not Lance come forward and told his story. He had anticipated the scheme of the poisoners by effecting, during the night, an exchange of horses, bribing the guard for that purpose, and, having witnessed the plotters in the act of drugging *their own steed*, had quietly stolen back and replaced the animals as before.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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To Retail Agents..... 7 " | " for 3 months.. 1 25

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,869 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

CONSTANT READER, Dundas, Minn.—"A series of three match games was to have been played between the Minnehaha Base Ball Club, of Northfield and Dundas, and the North Star Base Ball Club, of St. Paul, for a silver ball, emblem of the championship of the State of Minnesota. Game first of the series was played July 17th, and commenced at 3 o'clock P. M., continuing until fifth innings, when it was interrupted by a violent rain. Game was called by umpire, but resumed after considerable hard talk on both sides, by mutual agreement of captains and played for 7 innings, when umpire called the game, declaring Minnehaha victorious by a score of 78 to 38. At a special meeting of the North Star Base Ball Club they refused to consider it a game, offering as a loop-hole to escape by certain terms relating to clubs playing in the rain. Please give your opinion on it?".....The game having been resumed by mutual agreement, the objection of the North Star comes too late. The Minnehahas are entitled to the ball.

F. R., White Hall, N. Y.—1. Address Harry Jennings, as per advertisement in another column. 2 Bohn, in his "Hand Book," says:—"If the dealer does not see that the cards are cut, the adverse party can call a new deal." Deschapelle says:—"The dealer must hand the cards to his right hand adversary to cut; and in case of an irregular cut, or the dealer omitting to have the cards cut, the adversaries, on proving the fact, may demand a new deal." As these are good authorities, the broad inference is that the dealer may insist on having the cards cut whist.

MIKE, Binghamton.—Tim Hays has on several occasions published challenges offering to dance with any one for the championship; but in doing so he laid down certain rules governing the match with which Dick Sands and Sam Hague refused to comply. Dick Sands was prepared on each occasion, with backers, to contend with him, but Hayes would not agree to the style of dancing that Dick Sands was in favor of, consequently nothing came of the challenges. There is no champion clog dancer, although there are three or four who claim that title.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. Galletti is one of the best *danseurs* of the day, but opinions differ so much as to the superiority of the many ladies now on the terpsichorean stage that we cannot decide as to who is the best. Several of the principal *danseurs* excel in a particular branch of their business. While one excels in the toe movements, another excels in the execution of difficult steps; another is the most graceful, while still another is more rapid in her dancing. No one is perfection. Beauty and less talent is what pleases the majority. 2. Both have their admirers.

P. MCN., Philadelphia.—The rules say that when a player revokes the adversaries add two points to their game, but that a revoke is not complete until the trick is turned and the revoker or his partner has played again. When the revoker corrects his error in time his partner, if he has played, cannot change his card played; but the adversary may, if he could have played another card before.

A. M. A., Worcester, MASS.—1. The course from Putney to Mortlake, on the Thames, England, is 4¼ miles and the best time in which it was ever rowed was 23 minutes 13 seconds, by Tom White in his race with Harry Clasper. 2. Kelly's time in his five mile race with Hamill was about 36 minutes, he being 1 minute and 12 seconds ahead.

CONSTANT READER, Williamsport, Pa.—1. Jimmy Elliott fought four times in the ring, being beaten by Nobby Clark and Jim Dunn, making a draw with Hen Winkle and defeating Bill Davis. 2. He is not generally so considered. 3. Some of them have. The reason is best known to the parties for whom they were intended. 4. He has not.

CLIPPERITE, Waterford, N. Y.—"*F bets O the Union B. B. C.* will beat the Tri-Mountain B. B. C. 15 runs. O bets they will not. The game is called at the conclusion of the 8th innings, the score then standing, Unions, 63; Tri-Mountains, 37. Who wins? O claims it should be a draw, as there was a possibility of his winning if the nine innings had been played."....F wins.

C. C.—1. Bet a gentleman at the time of the Gettysburg lottery that he could not show me a person who would draw a prize worth $1,000. My opponent contends that as there was no drawing the bet is off. Who wins?".....The breaking up of the concern makes the bet a draw.

HIRAM, New Haven.—1. The Excelsiors never were champions. 2. The Eckfords maintained their claim during 1862 and 1863. 3. It has not yet been decided when the Athletics and Atlantics will next meet. 4. The Atlantics were champions from 1864 to 1866. 5. He does not play now.

CLIFFORD, Boston.—1. Make personal application to the stage manager of any of the theatres in your city. 2. She is married. 3. She closed her engagement here on the 1st inst. 4. Dan is a married man and a father.

W. G. C., Piermont.—A batch of half a dozen score, which reached us some time years before, are waiting for a chance to show the merits of their authors, O! All in good time, thou unbeliever, convinced you'll be we're no deceiver.

A REGULAR.—The *Eagle's* answer is not definite, and fails to decide the bet; it would be well, therefore, to draw the wager. Our own opinion is that the population of Brooklyn is below 400,000.

A CIGAR MAKER, Pittsburgh.—If the two carriages were alike in weight, it was wrong to give one of them ten men more than the other; if, however, one was heavier than the other, the heavy one should have more men.

OLD SPORT, Albany, N. Y.—"A bet B $5 that the Atlantic Base Ball Club is the champion club of the United States; B bets that it is not. Who wins?".....B wins, as the Union, of Morrisania, is the champion club.

HOME.—1. The fastest three mile sculling time, 22:27, was made by James Hamill. 2. Cannot give you his best time for that distance. 3. Had no race been rowed upon each side he would be, but he is not now.

TURF, Boston.—In the race you mention the horse that took a heat was the second money. In betting between horses, where neither horse has a heat, the bet is determined by their positions in the last heat.

INQUIRER.—As one bets that the match was *intended to be* made in New York, and the other that no such match was made, both are right and the bet should be drawn.

DIXIE, Pittsburgh.—The diet you are giving your mocking bird is entirely wrong. You can buy prepared feed for it of any bird fancier.

ARCHIE.—The population of London is a trifle over 3,000,000, while the population of the seven largest cities in this country is less than 2,700,000 by the last census.

INQUIRER, Cincinnati, O.—He has never made such a run in public, and I most likely never in private. We do not attempt to keep a record of runs made in private trials.

S. L., Cleveland, O.—B wins; the Marquis won the 2,000 guineas and St. Leger, but was beaten for the Derby, won by Caractacus.

GUITARINA.—Napoleon W. Gould is the best we know of. He resides on Felton avenue, Brooklyn, a short distance from the ferry.

AMUSEMENT, Albany.—Lingard will not visit your city for the present. At the close of his Boston engagement he re-appears in this city.

LEO, Pittsburgh.—We see nothing in the rules compelling the losing party to show his hand after admitting that his adversary wins.

SUBSCRIBER.—On the 1st of August, 1863, the debt was $2,757,000,000. At the present time it is placed at $2,520,000,000.

CLARENCE, Elmira, N. Y.—1. The quickest mile race was made by Lang and Richards in a dead heat, viz:—4 minutes 17¼ seconds. 2. It was made in England.

BELLY, Salisbury.—1. Chicago does not have a regularly established circus each winter. 2. He is traveling with a troupe of Indians through the west.

E. A. G., Dubuque.—The ad. makes three lines and will cost you 45 cents each insertion. Duplicate the card if you wish it inserted.

W. F. H., Cincinnati.—Fisher, formerly of the West Philadelphia club, has the reputation of being the swiftest pitcher. Others think McBride, Waters and Williams are the swiftest.

HOBBS, Boston.—Write to R. W. Dunham, corner Broadway and Eighth street, New York.

MUTUAL.—1. Such a rumor is current. 2. He has not joined the Mutuals.

SHORT STOP, Keokuk.—The Unions play in St. Louis on the 14th and 15th inst.

T. N. D.—Union, of Morrisania, is the champion club of the United States.

A. C., Quakwa, Ill.—Lexington's four mile time, 7:19½, has never been equaled or beaten.

KATE, Cincinnati.—They are at present performing at the Bowery Theatre, in this city.

NAMELESS, Washington.—Hannah is with Van Amburgh's Menagerie, traveling in the State of Maine.

J. A. MCV., Chicago.—He was in Galveston, Texas, the last we heard of him.

J. M. B., Boston, MASS.—The longest standing jump on record is 12 feet 8½ inches, by Bob Way, champion.

C. B. F., St. Cloud.—You may see a copy in some of our libraries, but we know of no place where you can purchase the work.

R. S. S., Portland, Me.—1. Yes. 2. The population of New York, according to the census of 1860, was 805,651.

A READER, Chicago, Ill.—1. We believe he was allowed a start. 2. Very few can equal that with training.

GUS, Washington.—You could not have seen the succeeding number, or you would have noticed the correction.

M., Great Falls, N. H.—We are not sufficiently acquainted with the subject to recommend any particular book.

NEWSDEALER.—The fastest two hundred yards time in pedestrianism is 19½ seconds.

C. A. H., Boston.—1. We know of no teacher in that city. 2 You will not be able to get a chance with the lady.

W. E. C., Alleghany City, Pa.—She is a constant reader of the CLIPPER, and a letter sent to our care will be sure to reach her.

J. JOHNS STUNTZVANT, Kingsville.—We cannot furnish you with the back numbers.

GREENCASTLE.—Where two players count alike for game, the non-dealer is entitled to score the point for game.

F. C. C., Boston.—We do not believe that any of them will effect a permanent cure.

STEPHENS, M. M., Camp Verde, Texas.—Particulars sent by mail.

M. B., Jersey City, N. J.—Send a letter to the old gentleman's address, which will be found in another column.

KENT, Baltimore.—He is at present in this city, in good health, but not performing anywhere.

L. L. A., Nashville.—As B was given out, that ends the game, and B takes the money.

BILES, Cincinnati.—Any tobacconist can supply you with them.

H. D. C., Post Band, Camp Grant, Richmond, Va.—The Prince of Wales was married on Tuesday, 10th March, 1863.

R. S. S., De Witt, Iowa.—Blondin did not fall into the Niagara. He is at present in Europe.

D.—Hughey Dougherty is engaged with the Morris Brothers' Pell's, Boston.

READER, Washington.—No building in this country used as a regular place of amusement will seat 4,000 people.

L. H., Buffalo.—Dexter's price was $38,000.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We don't know; we never tried it.

A READER, Chicago.—Apply at one of your bookstores.

H. T. B.—B wins, as A's dog did not make a fair scratch

T. N. S., Virden, Ill.—Will be acceptable.

GAMIN.—Will probably appear.

U. U., New London.—He was the original Dan Rice.

GOPHNER, Washington.—We do not look upon it as gambling.

BROOKLYN.—Once, by Nat Langham.

H. M.—Sixes beat aces in poker dice.

CURIOSITIES OF THE CALENDAR.

Long before the close of the civil war it was predicted that the disbanding of the two armies would be followed by a serious increase in the lists of crime. Whether it be owing expressly to that cause, or is merely in a measure contingent upon it, certain it is that the prophecy has been more than verified. Within the past four or five years the country has been inundated by outpourings from every source of vice, until, to minds unaccustomed to probing things to the bottom, it appeared as though the better portion of our population were depraved beyond redemption, and society was rotten to the core. The cause of the evil lies beyond the limits assigned to it, being found not more in the tendency of human nature to sin than in the remissness of the authorities in meting out to offenders the punishment which should be the consequence of their misdeeds. To say, however, that the fault is in these alone, or even chiefly, would be incorrect. In no place are the laws against crime so severe or so thoroughly enforced as in London, yet in no place is there found so great an amount of vice. The necessities of the late contest summoned from their homes and their peaceful pursuits thousands of persons in the middle or lower ranks of life, who, on disbanding, found their old positions in the hands of strangers and every avenue to employment apparently closed. Many from the vicissitudes of camp life had acquired an unsettled habit which prevented a return to trodden paths. These elements, added to those already existing in the larger cities, produced, as it were, a novel state of society for which existing laws were wholly inadequate to provide. All over the Union there seems to prevail a perfect saturnalia of crime which the utmost efforts of the deputed officials are inefficient to check. For certain classes of the community the prison and the gallows have apparently lost their terrors, while in other departments of iniquity the number of persons in respectable callings who have strayed from the paths of honor is alarmingly on the increase. We are not inclined to philosophize in regard to these self-evident facts, but when men and women can no longer trust themselves out of sight of the most populous neighborhoods and even the guardians of the peace are frequently shot down in open daylight, in streets thronged with passers, while engaged in the discharge of their duty, it is impossible to resist the conviction that there is something radically wrong in the present system and that the prevailing method of administering justice calls loudly for a reform. This will probably not take place until two or three of the magistrates have been assassinated, but we live in hope. It is interesting, by the way, to consult the contrasts offered by different grades of vice according to nationality, as exhibited on the records of the police. We can remember when the country was comparatively free from all such reproach. With the rush of immigration, among much that was good came great accessions to the army of infamy. Foreign prisons were emptied and a society was organized in London for the express purpose of transporting criminals to these shores, as a sort of second Botany Bay. In fact, it is not many years since one of our mayors refused to allow a British packet to discharge its live cargo and compelled it to return whence it came, for this very reason. The predisposing causes of crime in our own land are various. The Englishman is a forger, from avarice; the Irishman sins from hot blood or excess of passion, if at all; the Frenchman errs in the pursuit of his animal passions; the German rarely, except when imposed upon, and then in self-defence; the Italian acts from jealousy; the Spaniard from jealousy and greed combined; the American from a sense of injury received or the betrayal of his honor; the "rowdy," a promiscuous descendant, inherits *all* the vices; the negro is a petty larcenist, simply, though he is sometimes driven to murder for revenge. The women have usually only the smaller vices. The Englishman derives his courage from strong beer; the Irishman from whiskey; the Frenchman from claret; the German from lager; the Italian from the milder wines, if at all; the Spaniard from bad liquors generally; the rowdy and the negro from anything liquid that burns and crazes; the American, all kinds of drinks, from champagne to whiskey straight. The Englishman flogs his wife's insulter or her paramour; the Irishman mauls *his own* wife with a club or a hatchet, but in fight with his fellows is above taking unfair advantage; the Frenchman dies in affairs of gallantry—his women poison; the German shoots his rival or his mistress; the Italian murders for revenge; the Spaniard from jealousy or greed—his weapon is the knife; the American's favorite resort is the all-terrible six-shooter. Compared with the condition of affairs which at present prevails, California was, even in its most evil days, a sort of "Saint's Rest," and if our laws are not better enforced, we may yet find ourselves drifting into an even more fearful condition of anarchy than that which prevailed there in the much vaunted early times.

THE AGE OF FESTIVALS.

A quizzical writer has somewhere invoked a blessing on the man that invented sleep! A blessing, say others, on the man that invented lager and summer festivals! The Germans have curtailed the ravages of drunkenness by the first, and by the latter have accomplished a vast deal by keeping alive in the human heart that vital principle which is the fountain source of all happiness. A race of people must always be more manly and more womanly, more honest, more affectionate and more genial, which makes the favored seasons of the year the occasion for innocent, social gatherings, when friendships are renewed and cemented, and the finer feelings are allowed to develop themselves, uncontaminated by the restraints of toil and traffic. The practice has been adopted by large numbers of our people with out especial regard to nationality, but there are still some who frown upon the most harmless recreations, as though anything not involved in the transaction of business were a sin. The Germans take the lead in these social celebrations, because of the greater tendency to romance which underlies their disposition, and also because music forms an essential part of the German education. Their festivals are therefore matters of pure relaxation and enjoyment in which poetry and refinement are happily blended—no genuine offshoot of "Fatherland" being so low in the scale of humanity but that he has learned to lisp the words of Schiller and recognize the music of Meyerbeer and Beethoven. This year we have been particularly favored in this respect; the leading societies having met by preconcert in various sections of the country, in such numbers as to justify us in calling their assemblages "monster" gatherings. Even the great Jullien, who was the acknowledged master spirit in affairs of this kind, never dreamed, in his most extended flights, of musical convocations in which a thousand devotees of the art should be represented; yet this is what has actually occurred within the month of July in a sister city of even much later growth than ours. The great Chicago Saengerfest of 1868 will be memorable in our musical annals for many a day to come, and, we trust, will be annually commemorated, not simply by the members of a single nationality, but by all the children of a genius, from whatever part of the world derived, who make these shores their abiding place. Festivals have been likewise held in other places than New York and Chicago, but in this city they are of frequent occurrence. A delightful affair was that given under the auspices of the Liederkranz Society, as a Summer Night Festival, at Lion Park, on Thursday evening last, where all the tricky sprites and elves of Shakespeare's Dream seemed to be practising their airy pranks and gambols among the groves and whispering in the melodies that came from pipe and horn. Let them improve the hours while they may, for only a few days remain to us before the setting in of September gathers about us once more the mists and damps of the short-lived autumn evenings.

THE WORLD'S METROPOLIS.

The city is growing so rapidly that nothing but the circumstance of its being firmly rooted prevents it, apparently, from striding away altogether from the lower portion and leaving it to neglect and decay. These latter precincts, are, in a great measure, given over to the incongruous elements which cluster about the outskirts of all great seaports, like an insidious disease which sometimes attacks the outposts of the human body, seeking appropriate avenues to enter. How well do we remember the time when the Battery, with its shaded "lover's walks" and "bayside ramble" was the most delightful resort in the town, and Castle Garden a sort of earthly Paradise to scores of boys and girls who there ate their first ice creams and took their first lessons in the art of flirtation, and ele by older ones who are now, perhaps, controlling the destinies of the nation, or occupying some of those mouldering graves in the yard of old Trinity, regarding which a certain cotemporary of late waxed eloquent. The magnificent hall in which Jenny Lind piped her sweetest notes instead of echoing to the Echo Song and the Katy-did Polka, is cluttered by colorous heaps of tattered humanity, and the walks, sadly shorn of their glories, in which our fathers and mothers transacted their courting, are given over to emigrants and emigrant runners. The fine old dwellings, which were among the most aristocratic adornments of the town, have reluctantly yielded to the requirements of trade, and idlers no longer sit, as of old, in the porchway of Peter Bayard's well known "public" and sip their negus while listening to the music of the band. The old oval, the railings surrounding which have never been renewed since the day when the populace removed their tops to be used for ammunition, is surrounded by spacious stores and offices, and, with its rank grass and neglected fountain and its melancholy trees, wears a dejected look which hints at dissolution. It has more than once struck us, in sauntering by, that a tombstone would be an improvement. The old manse once occupied by Sir Henry Clinton and the English governors, and subsequently by Washington as his headquarters, is a restaurant and resort of speculators, and the nose of a sharp city clerk may be seen peering from the windows of the little office in which Alexander Hamilton drew up some of the smartest of all his State papers. Later, under the proprietorship of the Bartletts, it was a house much frequented by sports, who took there the parting glass before embarking for the fishing grounds. Old Reynolds' Beer House is the resort of bankers and brokers, and all the domiciles around it are falling to pieces within hearing of the chimes of Trinity. Meanwhile it is anticipated that the next census will exhibit in New York, with all its suburbs, a population nearly equal to that of London thirty years since, and that the next in succession will exceed it. We *do* progress a little, and if the rest of the country grows in proportion we shall soon be able to dictate to our rivals across the "great herring pond."

DON'T LIKE OUR BEER.—Our German friends out west who visited New York with the Pendleton Escort during the Democratic Convention were not favorably impressed with the quality of the lager beer doled out to them in this city, and they returned home, it is said, with a hearty contempt for metropolitan beer, which they declared to be unworthy of comparison with Milwaukee lager. The following dialogue between a German who *didn't* attend the Convention and a returned "escort" will illustrate the feeling which prevails on the beer subject:—

First German.—Well, Hans, you pin to Ni Yorik?

Escort German.—Yaw, I more ash pin dere—by tam I feels like I'se pin to Ni Yorik tri dimes. Got in himmel, vot peer dey don't have got.

First German.—Was dere many beebles in Ni Yorik?

Escort German.—I know nodding bout der beebles; but der lager peer is de vorstest stuff vot I nefer have saw all der vile.

First German.—Hof you see de sights in Ni Yorik?

Escort.—Nein—I know nodding pout der sights—das is all right—I don't can't tell you but de peer.

First German.—Well, Hans, who did de gonvenshun nominate?

Escort.—Das is more as I don't can dell; but mein Gott dere is de vorst lager peer in Ni Yorik vot dey don't have in any oder city. Dats de gind of man vot I pe.

DEATH OF "MILES O'REILLY."—Charles G. Halpine, better known as "Miles O'Reilly," died suddenly, at the Astor House, in this city, at an early hour on Monday, Aug. 3d, the result, it is said, of an overdose of chloroform. Mr. Halpine was one of our most popular politicians, and at the time of his death occupied the position of Register of the city and county of New York. He has at various times contributed much to the daily and weekly press of this city, and was for a long time editor of the *Citizen*. He was born in Ireland, and came to this country in 1852. He served in various stations during the late war, and was promoted to the position of major general in the regular army. His early decease (he was aged 36) will be regretted by many.

BAT AND BALL.—An Illinois rural weekly gives an account of a man named Ball catching a Bat flying about his house which measured nearly eight inches from the tip of one wing to that of the other. We think our base ball friends will agree with us that this is an extraordinary relation. The idea of a Ball catching a Bat 'on the fly" sounds rather "steep."

COMING TO A HEAD.—"Our Jim's" last contemplative ebullition was to the effect that if *he* was Mayor of the city he would arrest every red-headed man on the streets for carrying *fire locks* on his shoulders!

FUN.—The papers are all busy in cracking jokes on Seymour's name. If nobody else has got off this one yet, *we'll* try it:—Having once had a *Feel*-more for President, it would not be strange if the people wanted to try a *See*-mour.

"OUR JIM" insists that our so-called Christians—Catholic Methodist, Presbyterian, Universalist, etc., are all very "small fry," for they are, without exception, *in-sects!*"

IT IS TOO HOT to do anything—and nothing promises to pay, anyhow, except perhaps a name at the bottom of a promissory note.

SHORT STOP WANTED.—Cannot some one put a period to this heated period?

COOL INQUIRY.—Can any one turn a "cold shoulder" to his friends during this weather?

LET NOT the heat prevent our friends from imbibing temperately. "One *swallow* does not make a summer."

THE LATE KING THEODORUS, of Abyssinia, might be considered a sort of Mormon, for, besides his legitimate wife, he was deeply attached to Mag Dala.

MIGHT NOT the Montgomery *Light* Guard prove an efficient protection for the street lamps?

SPRING CHICKEN.—Why does a lame chicken hop across the road? Because it wants to get to the other side—may be.

SEASONABLE ADVERTISEMENT.—Wanted—an unfurnished house!

A "DEAD SURE" SEARCH.—An in-quest.

"AN OLD SETTLER."—The white of an egg.

Sporting Squibs.

—The late Schuetzenfest receipts at Jones' Wood amounted to $41,000.

—The fish in Rock River, Wis., are dying by wholesale, we are informed, but what causes it is not stated.

—The New York Yacht Squadron goes on a cruise on the 8th inst., and eighteen craft are expected to start.

—Equines will have to look out for their laurels, it seems, as a Yankee is building a horse to run by steam.

—Swimming is getting to be a popular pastime with the ladies.

—The yacht Sappho, owned by Mr. Pellon, of South street, N. Y., left this port last week for Cowes, Isle of Wight, Eng., with 17 passengers.

—At the recent Rifle Association Meeting at Wimbledon, Eng., the thermometer ran up to 93 degrees in the shade, higher than it has been in 26 years.

—On a $100 wager a man in San Francisco tried to eat 500 oysters and drink three pints of ale in half an hour, on July 10th. He did it in 26 minutes.

—Somebody won the $100,000 prize of the last Bordeaux lottery; the fortunate mortal who holds the ticket in question cannot be found. The managers advertised in fifty French papers for him to come forward and take the money he has won, in New York the managers would have had a hundred applicants long ago.

—The clipper ship Lookout, Captain Nugent, from New York April 3d, arrived at San Francisco July 29th, making the passage in 117 days, said to be the shortest one thus far this season. The following are the passages from New York to San Francisco made by the Lookout:—126, 116, 112, 112, 108, 130, 123, 121, 126, 134 and 117 days, averaging 120⅓ days for each.

—The members of Burnham's Gymnasium, in Brooklyn, have formed themselves into a boat club called the "Argo." The officers are as follows:—C. C. Brown, President; S. Williams, Vice-President; E. M. Cammeyer, Secretary; and Geo. Ripley, Treasurer.

—Viscount Artus Falon, a gentleman rider and owner of steeplechasers on the French turf, died on the 12th July, at Lyons.

—The Marquis of Hastings, the London papers state, has not made a single entry in the Derby, Oaks or St. Leger of 1870.

—At a recent cricket match in Boston, at which the St. George Club, of New York, was heralded as the great attraction, the attendance numbered about *one hundred persons!*

—The "Beaupre Gun," the new breech-loader, was tried at Reading, Pa., July 25th. The diameter of the bore is three inches; the ball is of solid iron, two inches longer than the army regulation ball, and weighs 11½lbs.

—The Pittsburgh Saengerfest takes place on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of September.

CHAMPIONSHIP DRILL.

The competition drill, alluded to previously, between the Montgomery Guards, of Boston, and Company E, Twelfth regiment N. G. S. N. Y., was decided in the presence of many thousands of persons at Tompkins Square, this city, on the afternoon of Thursday, 30th ult. The judges were Hobart Moore, Military Inspector of the Boston High School, for the Guard and Lieut. Col. Knox, McAfee, of the Twelveth regiment, for the New York Company. Major Egan, of the Eleventh United States Infantry, a West Point officer, was proposed for referee by Capt. McAfee, of Company E, and unhesitatingly accepted by Capt. Finan. After a great deal of unnecessary delay the competition, which consisted of the manual marching, wheeling and manœuvering, in strict accordance with "Upton's Infantry Tactics," commenced and was kept up as well as the crowding and surging of the throng of on-lookers would permit until each company had gone through all movements prescribed in the first, second and third lessons of the school of the company, all manœuvres prescribed in the fourth, fifth and six lessons of the school of the company, and the several movements which the commanders of the opposing companies desired. The result was the award of the prize, an elegant silken American flag, valued at three hundred dollars, to Company E, the referee basing such decision upon the ground that, in marching and in fact, every part of the drill save the manual, that company excelled. Capt. Finan's company was superior in the manual, but not sufficiently so to counterbalance its inferiority in other respects. The betting upon the result was at the rate of 70 to 20 on the Bostonians, and the award gave the most intense dissatisfaction to the spectators, which fact they exhibited by hisses and groans, and loud and frequent were the assertions that the strangers had not been shown fair play and that the whole affair had been "cut and dried" beforehand. Those charges have elicited cards from the referee and Capt. McAfee in self-defence, the former declaring himself utterly unprejudiced and that he had given his decision according to his honest conviction of right, and the latter asserting that he had not received any challenge from the Montgomery Guard since, as had been announced. The Bostonians left by the Bristol line at 5 o'clock P. M. of the following day, and upon their arrival at the Hub met with an enthusiastic reception at the hands of their townsmen.

SKATING RINK.—Although the metropolis is decidedly a fast place, and its denizens are go-ahead people, who "don't take anybody's dust," they have heretofore been behind hand in one very desirable adjunct to amusement—that of a skating rink—in which regard other cities of much less importance have taken the lead of us. This want will not in future be felt, however, for at the last session of the Legislature a bill of incorporation was obtained for a company organized for the purpose of building a mammoth rink in the city. The company has gone to work with a capital stock of $75,000, obtained on a ten years' lease thirty lots on Third Avenue between Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth streets, and there is now in course of erection a building which will be 336 feet long by 168 feet wide and 70 feet high, and will be completed sometime in October. The sides will be of iron, supporting a roof on trestle arches; the decorations will be very handsome and the rink will be lighted by a patent magnesium illuminator. Around the rink a platform will be constructed sufficient to accommodate eight thousand persons, and during the absence of the Wintry King it will be let for concerts, balls, etc.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Horse Fair at Buffalo.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE AND EXCELLENT RACING.

GREAT TROT FOR A PURSE OF $10,000.

The third annual Horse Fair of the Buffalo Driving Park Association commenced on Tuesday, July 28th, the grounds being visited by over five thousand persons, including many of the *creme de la creme* of the city and vicinity, who, in their stylish equipages, created a decided sensation among their less fortunate fellows, whose worldly condition didn't admit of their "cutting such a dash." The track was in admirable order, and a cool, refreshing breeze from the lake sufficiently tempered the heat of the sun's rays to render the weather very pleasant. The arrangements made by the Association were extensive enough to afford accommodation to all who attended, and were of a character calculated to elicit the commendation of all. We herewith summarize the different events, which is all that our space will allow of:—

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, JULY 28TH.

First Race.—Buffalo Driving Park, premium $600; $400 to the first, $125 to the second and $75 to the third; mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Free for all horses that never beat three minutes prior to June 1st, 1868.

J. H. Harbeck named g g Surprise	1	1	1
Alden Goldsmith named b m Huntress	3	2	0
W. Stewart named ch g Gold Leaf	2	3	3
M. Cavanaugh named br g Jack Briggs	4	dis	
Thos. Lee named b s Royal George	5	dr	
J. D. Ames named bl s Toronto Chief	dis		
Frank Webb named br g Prairie Boy	dis		
Simon James named bl g Mickey Free	dis		
G. H. Risley named b m Miss Risley	dr		
T. Livingston named br m no name	dr		
S. P. Dorsey named s m Parks' Gold Dust	dr		

Time, 2:36; 2:34; 2:36½; 2:34½.

Second Race.—Premium $1,000; $700 to the first horse, $200 to second and $100 to third; mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Free for all horses that never beat 2:37 previous to June 1st, 1868.

M. Roden named b g Myron Perry	1	1	1
Benham & Co. named b g Henry	5	3	2
J. G. Carley named b g Sir John	8	5	3
O. Teller named b g Billy Barr	2	2	4
Walter Harris named b s Springville Chief	4	4	5
Budd Doble named br m Skidnewaha	6	dis	
E. Scott named b g Gen. Scott	7	dis	
T. Elwood named br g Union Jack	3	dis	
L. L. Dorsey named s m Rosa Gold Dust	dis		
John Horter named ch s Gen. Love	dis		
T. Oliver named b g no name	dis		

Time, 2:38½; 2:37½; 2:39½; 2:39.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29.

The largest purse ever offered for a trotting race, ten thousand dollars, was the opening event of the second day, as well as the principal attraction of the meeting, and that it was universally so considered was apparent from the immense throng which assembled on the grounds, trebling, if not quadrupling that congregated upon the opening day. The race was confined to horses that had never beaten 2:30 in harness previous to June 1st, and the entries included Fearnought, G. Palmer, Col. Maynard, American Girl, Myron Perry, Victor Hugo, J. J. Bradley, Mollie and Lady Hamilton. American Girl was a strong favorite in the betting, Fearnought having second place, Palmer and Perry alternating as third and Fourth, and the balance in the field.

FIRST HEAT.—They got away at the eleventh trial, Palmer having the advantage of the send off, Bradley and Maynard two lengths behind. Rounding the first turn Palmer took the inside and the lead, with American Girl going for him at a slashing pace. At the quarter, in 0:36½, Palmer still led, with the favorite lapping the others in a bunch two lengths behind, except Mollie and Bradley, who were trailing. Up the backstretch the favorite gradually went by Palmer, and broke him up for a moment, she for the pace being very fast. She led at the half mile pole by two lengths in 1:10½, trotting the straight quarter in 34 seconds. On the upper turn, Mace's entry, the chestnut stallion Fearnaught, drew out from the ruck, went by Palmer like a flash, carrying him off his feet, and went for American Girl. Before the turn into the homestretch was reached he had shown his heels to the favorite, fairly out trotting her, and led at the finish, Mace holding his horse up, by two lengths, in 2:23½, the favorite second, Myron Perry third, six lengths behind, Palmer fourth, Bradley, Maynard and Hugo fifth, sixth and seventh, close together, Mollie in the rear.

SECOND HEAT.—The horses got off on the third attempt. Perry had slightly the advantage of the start, but rounding the turn American Girl took the inside and the lead, Fearnaught off his feet and behaving very badly. American Girl led at the quarter in 37 seconds, with Perry on her wheel, the rest well up except Mollie, who was enjoying a pacing race all by herself in the rear. Up the backstretch the bay mare drew slightly ahead, and led by a length at the half in 1:13¾, with Perry still second, the others well up except Mollie. On the upper turn this horses all came together, and a splendid race was had to the finish. American Girl was given the go-by by Palmer, Perry, Maynard and Fearnaught, the chestnut stallion, as in the former heat, running the first half mile and trotting the last. It is seldom that a more exciting finish is seen. Palmer crossed the score a half length ahead in 2:28, Perry second, with his nose ahead of Maynard, Fearnaught fourth, four lengths behind, American Girl fifth, Bradley sixth, Hugo seventh and Mollie behind.

THIRD HEAT.—The word was given on the fourth trial. Palmer took the lead from the start and held it at the quarter, in 37 seconds, with Perry on his wheel, Maynard well up, Bradley next, American Girl fifth, Fearnaught sixth and Hugo way behind. These positions were not changed materially at the half, in 1:13, except that Fearnaught had passed all but the two leaders, and was not over eight lengths behind. On the upper turn he passed Perry and went for the leader like a flash, outfooting him as they turned into the homestretch. The favorite led over the score by half a length in 2:24¾, having trotted the last half mile without a skip, at a 2:20 gait at least. Maynard was a good third, and the field well strung out, Mollie last, as usual.

FOURTH HEAT.—They got a good start on the third trial, Palmer having a little the advantage and Fearnaught running over the score. The favorite soon settled down to his gait, however, and led the field around the first turn. He was up for a moment before reaching the quarter, but got down to his work quickly and passed the pole in 37 seconds, still ahead, with Perry in close attendance and the field well up. On the city side the favorite opened a gap of two lengths, running some, but not gaining, and passed the half mile pole in 1:12, safe to win. From that point to the finish he kept on a square trot, having the race all his own way and crossed the score a winner by four lengths in 2:26½, with Dan Mace looking back at the field in the most tantalizing style. Maynard was second, American Girl third, Myron Perry fourth, Bradley fifth, Palmer sixth and Victor Hugo and Mollie distanced. Summary:—

WEDNESDAY, July 29.—*First Race.*—Purse $10,000, free for all horses that have never beaten 2:30 in harness previous to June 1, 1868. $3,000 to the first; $2,500 to the second; $1,500 to the third; and $1,000 to the fourth. Mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Dan Mace named ch s Fearnaught	1	4	1	1
Budd Doble named b g Col. Maynard	6	3	2	2
H. W. Howe named b m American Girl	2	5	5	3
M. Roden named b g Myron Perry	3	2	5	4
Jno. Nesbit named b g J. J. Bradley	5	6	7	5
Wilson & Whitcomb named b g G. Palmer	4	1	2	6
M. F. Barlon named b g Victor Hugo	7	7	6	d
T. Oliver named b m Mollie	8	8	8	d
Simon James named g m Lady Hamilton	dr			

Time, 2:23½; 2:25; 2:24½; 2:25½.

SAME DAY.—*Second Race.*—Purse $500, for all horses five years old or under. $350 to the first; $100 to the second; and $50 to the third. Mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

C. Picard named b m Lady Picard	2	1
E. W. Lott named b g Gen. Scott	1	dis
R. Fields named ch s Royal George	dis	
J. Williams named b m Forest May	dis	
Wm. Keith named b m Lake Shore Belle	dr	

Time, 2:35; 2:35¼.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, July 30.

About five thousand persons were present on the third day of the meeting, when the races

witnessed took place near London, Eng., during the week ending July 11th, between a Limehouse man, Con Coghan, and Jack Hoy, of Poplar, who contended for £10 a side, at catch-weight, both being 12st mer. They are corn porters, and, having had a dispute, agreed to settle matters in a fair and manly style. Both were in moderate condition, Hoy somewhat fleshy. There was no flinching, business only being meant, and the lads went at it with a will. Both claimed first blood in the third round, but it was not awarded to either; Hoy, however, secured the second event in the fifth bout. In all seventy-three rounds, occupying 2h. 12m.in., were contested, and then, both being quite blind, they, at the urgent request of their friends, shook hands, their backers dividing the money between them.

A BENEFIT FOR JIMMY FOX.—For a long time that clever and popular east side sparrer, Jimmy Fox, whose slashing sets-to with Billy Edwards will long be remembered, has been prostrated by that insidious, slow and terrible disease, consumption, and is now so much wasted as to appear but the shadow of his former vigorous self. His long spell of sickness has effectually drained his exchequer and his many friends now propose to get one up a grand afternoon and evening picnic for his benefit under the auspices of the Consolidated Social Union, consisting of twenty-five different organizations belonging to the 11th, 17th and 18th wards, and of which Billy Donnelly is president. The proposed testimonial will take place at Sulzer's East River Park, foot of Eighty-fourth street, on August 28th, and all those who know Fox, either personally or by reputation, should not hesitate to lend a helping hand in this, his hour of need; for besides the enjoyment they will derive at the social gathering they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they are aiding a worthy object by contributing to the fund thus hoped to be realised for one who has oft assisted in amusing them in the past.

A BRACE OF MULES.—On Friday, July 17th, under the management of young Billy Shaw, two first-rate mills (each for purses subscribed for by Shaw's patrons) were brought off at a snug little spot not many hundred miles from London, Eng. The first was between Bos Furze and Young Mullens. After fighting 35 rounds in one hour and ten minutes, Mullens threw Furze and hurt his shoulder to such an extent that his seconds immediately threw up the sponge. Mullens was seconded by Mike Cocklin and Jack Drew, while Furze was waited on by his brother Bob and Ruff. As soon as the ring could be cleared Beaucannon and Codey stepped in to settle their differences. This proved another ding-dong fight, and lasted for 2h. 25 min. when Codey being nearly blind his seconds threw up the sponge. The winner was seconded by Mike and Drew, and the loser by Alec Lawson and Ruff. Both fights were conducted in a very orderly manner, and the patrician spectators were quite delighted.

BRIEF BUFFING MATCH IN NEW ENGLAND.—The manufacturing town of Lawrence, Mass., was invaded by a large delegation of the Boston fancy element, during the night of the 31st ult., and early on the following morning a suitable spot was chosen in the neighborhood, where a squared circle was quickly created, and a couple of aspirants for fame, named respectively, Dan Whelan, of Portsmouth, N. H., and Jim Hogan, of the "Hub," stepped inside and prepared to settle an old grudge and decide who was entitled to a few centuries, by an exchange of digital salutations. Hogan was first inside the ropes, attended by Pat Keefe and Johnny Cogans, but was followed quickly by his rival, who was waited upon by Harry Crawley and Pete Maxwell. Charley Nolan umpired Whelan, Dan Smith doing likewise for Hogan, and H. Ward, of Salem, accepting the office of referee. They got to work without needless delay, and pummeled away determinedly at each other for the space of twenty-seven minutes, during which time sixteen rounds were contested, and at the end thereof Whelan was deaf to the call of time, and up went the sponge in token of his defeat. Both men were severely punished. Everything was conducted quietly, and the crowd dispersed without molestation.

HOW IS IT?—Harry Morgan, of Dakotah, sends us a letter complaining of the shabby treatment he has met with at the hands of Ed. Fitzgerald. While engaged at work at Laramie, nine days prior to the date of his letter, he received a written challenge from Fitzgerald, through the hands of Jimmy Reed, in which Fitzgerald stated that he wanted to fight Harry for $500 a side at Dakotah. Morgan, in company with Reed, met Fitz next day, but not being able to find anything to draw up articles, they agreed to meet upon the following day at the Platte to sign the protocol and plank a deposit. Morgan was on hand, according to agreement, and remained there three days, but Fitz failed to show up. Harry therefore claims the title of feather weight champion of the west, and will be prepared to hold it against all comers at 112 lbs., or he will fight Fitzgerald or any other man west of the Missouri, for $100 to $500 a side, in weeks from eight to sixteen, for from $100 to $500 a side. Man and money can be found at the Pennsylvania Saloon, near the coal mines, thirty miles east of the Platte, where Harry is running an engine.

TOM SULLIVAN.—Among the old timers present on the occasion of Jem Ward's reception benefit on the 27th ult., was old Tom Sullivan, who was intimate with Ward in the old country years ago, but who had not seen each other during thirty-three years, until they met at the exhibition in this city. Old Tom looks well, but rheumatism has so crippled him that he can only move about now through the aid of crutches. His friends in England will no doubt be pleased to hear that the old 'un is still in the land of the living.

LOSS OF A VALUABLE BIRD.—The frequenters of Tom King's up-town "Brewery Shades" will regret to learn of the loss by death, of one of the principal attractions of the place—a parrot, which, by its amusing remarks, was wont to create a fund of merriment. This bird was an exceedingly apt scholar, and had obtained a far superior "education" to the generality of his species, vocal music being among the branches taught him, and he often edified the on-lookers by breaking suddenly into portions of "Champagne Charley" and other popular ditties. He was four years old, and his owner had refused one hundred dollars for him.

KELLY AFTER SERIOUS.—We are in receipt of a communication from Tommy Kelly, the young fellow who fought Billy Parkinson, in which he says that while in the Garden City recently he saw a statement to the effect that George Seddons, of Boston, was desirous of making a match to fight him. Upon seeing this he at once lent for Philadelphia, where he arrived one day last week, intending to proceed immediately to the Hub, but he was unavoidably detained, and hence the letter. He says that in case the statement alluded to was authorized by Seddons, he trusts that he will answer the letter through our columns, stating what he is willing to do, and if he is ready to back up his words Kelly will go on to Boston in a few days and make a match with him upon his own terms. Tommy says that he tried to get on with Dorney while in Chicago, but all his efforts proved futile, although he thinks the conditions proposed were very fair for both.

MILL IN CINCINNATI.—On the 26th July two lads of the town of Pork, Billy Kelly and "Red" Hyle, determined to settle the question of physical superiority in the good old way. The meeting took place in the Mill Creek Valley, near the city, and it was a red hot fight from the word go. At the end of thirty-five minutes Kelly was compelled to cry peccavi. Both men showed the result of the sharp work about their mugs, but neither are any the worse for it now.

LOST BY A FOUL.—O'Brien and McDonald, a couple of Glasgow "chappies," who were matched to fight at 9st. 2lb., for £30, met at Inverkip, a village on the Clyde, some thirty miles from Glasgow, Scotland, on July 18th. The ring was pitched at a distance of two miles from the village shortly after mid-day, and both men were on the ground in a squabble took place regarding a referee, no one who was proposed seeming to care for the unthankful office. After a dispute of some four hours' duration the stakes were drawn and a return was made to the city, a result which was regarded with much disgust by the crowds of sight-seers who had attended on the occasion. The men subsequently met, signed fresh articles, and came together on July 21st, when they fought twenty-one rounds in two hours, O'Brien losing by a foul.

AN EXHIBITION FOR PATSY SHEPPARD.—Martin's Emmet Hall, located on the corner of Canton and Myrtle avenues, Brooklyn, has been secured by Patsy Sheppard for the evening of Wednesday, 5th inst., when he will give a sparring and variety exhibition, assisted by a number of the lights of the fistic, cork-opera and terpsichorean world. Patsy, besides being an exceedingly clever manipulator of the mittens, is a civil, obliging young fellow, and as his exchequer needs replenishing, the boys should see that he don't lose anything. The wind-up will be between Patsy and Mike Noonan, and Uncle Tovee will supervise matters.

UNCLE TOVEE ON THE TRACK AGAIN.—Old Bill Tovee, the veteran M. C. and pedestrian, proposes making a visit to Saratoga during the current week, and during his sojourn will display his abilities as a pedestrian by attempting to run seven miles inside the hour. Should the old gentleman succeed in his undertaking he will be one of the celebrities of the Springs.

ABOUT JOHNNY GRADY.—This young fellow, to whose sudden departure for the land of gold we alluded some time ago, had arrived at San Francisco, Cal., at last advices, and met with a warm reception from those who knew him personally and by reputation. He had not declared himself. Johnny McHade was also there.

BILLIARDS.

CHICAGO MATTERS.—In a recent practice game, played by John McDevitt and Peter Snyder, the latter won by the following score:—Snyder, 0, 6, 3, 0, 0, 41, 0, 3, 0, 0, 165, 0, 12, 10½, 37, 65, 11, 91, 3, 3, 1, 06. Total, 750. Average, 35.15-21. McDevitt, 169, 9, 0, 0, 3, 2, 159, 2, 7, 0, 4, 36, 0, 12, 2, 2, 0, 7, 135, 56, 27. Total, 63 . Average, 31.13-20. Snyder is now a Chicagoian, having left Detroit to take charge of the billiard room at the Briggs House..... About the 20th inst., Joseph Vermeulen and Henry Rhines are to contend at the push-barred game, 1,500 points up, for the Illinois championship ..... Michael Honohan, lately at Arlington Hall, has, we understand, gone to Peoria, Ill., to take charge of the billiard department at the hotel of that name..... A Chicago paper says that on the 24th ult. John McDevitt wrote to Joseph Dion, suggesting a postponement of a month of the match for the championship, in which Dion is to take part, and which, if the rules are to be of any force, should be played not later than the 8th of the present month..... Just at present Chicago can boast of having seven tip-top players, viz.—Pierre Carme, John McDevitt, Thomas Foley, Peter Snyder, John W. Coon, Henry Rhines and Joseph Vermeulen.

GOLDTHWAITE.—The "Boy" is temporarily in this city. It is his intention to open a modest billiard room in Penn Yan shortly. During his stay here he will "train" Deery for his match with Foster; and on Wednesday night, the 5th inst., the twain will give a grand exhibition at Capt. Boyle's, corner of Broadway and Barclay street.

IN BOSTON.—Melvin Foster, of this city, and William Wicks, of Brooklyn, were at the Hub last week..... Edward Daniels, champion of Massachusetts, says that he will be prepared to play matches as soon as the cool weather sets in. His room in Bedford street is about to change..... C. H. now has five tables, and will have nine..... G. K. Heath's room, on Tremont square, has just been refurnished, and is now as pretty a place as the most fastidious billiardist could ask for.

FRENCH BILLIARDS.—The other day, at the Astor Billiard Room, Deery and Goldthwait played two three-ball games, each consisting of 100 points. Deery's majority in one was 66, and in the other 80.

PRACTICE GAME OF THE BROTHERS DION.—On the night of the 7th ult. the Dions' exhibition room in Montreal was opened by a game between the brothers of 1,000 points, Cyrille receiving 400. The game was a very interesting one, and ended in favor of Cyrille, who throughout played remarkably well, at one time making the handsome run of 252. Joe's highest runs were 246 and 207, and, from the style of his play, he evidently means mischief when he next tackles the present holder of the champion cue. This exhibition hall has been enlarged by the knocking in of the small private room next to the stairway, and can now accommodate nearly double the number of persons that it did before it was burned down in December last. The walls are painted a light green color, and the whole appearance of the room is cheerful. The table, a new one, stands in the same place as the old one, which did such good service before the fire. The following is the score:—

Cyrille Dion—	2	1,	3,	3,	35,	9,	5,	0,	27,	7,	8,	3,	3,	43,	80,	0,	72,	252,	17,
5,	2,	13,	0,	6,	11,	2	(odds,	400)—1,001.	Average, 34.										
Joseph Dion—	12,	6,	1a,	0,	2a7,	5,	7,	76,	14,	246,	6,	5,	3,	7,	133,	13,	0,		
139,	0,	0,	1,	0,	21,	43,	15,	1—927.	Average, 49.										

BILLIARD MATCH AT LONG BRANCH.—Last week there was a lively contest of 1,000 points between Herman P. Butler, superintendent of the billiard room at the Continental Hotel, and Bernard McQuiney, in charge of the room at the Metropolitan. The game was for $500, and was witnessed by about eight hundred persons of both sexes. Bernard won by 86 points. Another match has been entered into for double the amount, which will probably be played in the course of the present week.

RIFLE PRACTICE IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The second annual competition of the Pictou County Rifle Association of New Glasgow, N. S., took place at the Albion Mines on July 23d, the first prize in the several competitions being won respectively by Capt. Albert Fraser, Sergeant J. Cortett, Capt. Fraser, Lieut. John Greener, and A. H. Patterson.

BASE BALL.

TRIP OF THE "CHAMPIONS."

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

According to the published programme, the "Champions," Unions of Morrisania, left this city at six o'clock, Sunday evening, July 26, per Steamer Connecticut. After enjoying the unrivalled scenery of the noble Hudson until "the shades of night were falling fast," the whole party sought repose, knowing that in a long journey sleep is an absolute necessity. At five o'clock in the morning we found ourselves aground on Castleton Bar, about five miles from Albany, whence we were transported by steamer Golden Gate. Arrived in Albany at 7.30 o'clock. The "Champions" were met by Messrs. Garnield and Cantwell, committee on the part of the Nationals, and escorted to the Delavan, where all partook of a refreshing meal.

The morning was passed pleasantly—most of the boys taking occasion to visit the Tri-Mountain Club, then staying at Stanwix Hall. At half-past two the Unions left head-quarters for the ground at Van Rensselaer Park. These grounds, like the Capitoline and Union grounds, are used in winter as a skating pond. They have been filled in this season by the Nationals. The in-field is very hard, firm and elastic, while the least said about the out-field the better. Yet, for a new ground, take it all in all, it is very acceptable.

The game commenced at 3:05 with the Nationals at the bat. By a low throw of Birdsall's to third base Cantwell reached his home base, thus scoring the first run, though Spelman had been put out on the first by Martin and Goldie, and Ross knocking a high ball which fell into Wright's hands, Waddell striking out just after Cantwell had secured this run. Goldie opened play on the Union side by a rare hit, but Waddell, watching his base very closely, Goldie was caught at second. Austin, Wright, Martin and Birdsall secured their runs, Fabor and Reynolds being the other two victims, Shelley being left on his base, in fact, Shelley was most unfortunate in his efforts to get runs in this game, being left no less than five times—twice by Reynolds, once by Smith and twice by Goldie. The game, thus begun with a lead for the Unions, finally terminated by the appended score of 36 to 19. The play of the Unions in the first three innings was far below their mark, owing, probably, to the poorness of the field, but afterwards their display in the field was better. Austin excelled in his position, capturing four prisoners in style. Wright and Shelley attended to all that came to them, while Smith had nothing to do but pull up the tall weeds that hid the in-field from his eyes.

Of the Nationals each and every man filled his position with credit, and some of the knowing ones thought that possibly the Unions might leave one ball at Albany, but Dame Fortune said no! Ertzberger, at left field, marked his play by three splendid fly-catches. Wolverton and Powers at third base and short performed capitally. The Unions excelled very perceptibly at the bat, Shelley, Wright and Fabor taking the lead, Ross, McIntyre and Wolverton leading on the Nationals. The umpire discharged his duties very promptly and acceptably. He kept both pitcher and batters well up to their work. In regard to his decisions we have a few words to say, not in condemnation, but rather for explanation.

Rule third, section first, forbids the striker the privilege of stepping back of the line through home base, the penalty being "one strike." Wright was at the bat and stepped back when the umpire called "no ball;" the ball was caught in the field and he was declared "not out." By the rules "one strike" should have been called and the catch should have been decided "out." A feature of the game was the large attendance of the fair sex, reminding one of the Melrose and Tremont games. Below is the full score:—

UNION.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	NATIONAL.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Goldie, 1st b	4	4	1	0	Cantwell, c	3	4	0	0
Austin, c f	4	4	1	4	Spelman, 2d b	3	3	0	0
Martin, 2d b	4	4	0	2	Ross, r f	3	2	1	0
Fabor, p	3	6	0	2	Waddell, p	5	0	1	1
Wright, s s	1	5	2	3	Stimson, c	4	1	0	2
Birdsall, c	3	5	0	0	McIntyre, 1st b	4	1	0	0
Shelley, 3d b	3	3	5	1	Powers, s s	2	2	1	4
Reynolds, r f	3	1	1	1	Ertzberger, l f	4	1	0	3
Smith, l f	3	4	1	0	Wolverton, 3d b	3	3	1	1
Totals	27	36	11	15	Totals	27	19	4	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	4	3	7	5	0	5	4	0	10—38
National	1	6	5	1	2	3	0	1	0—19

Bases on hits—Goldie, 7; Austin, 5; Martin, 5; Fabor, 12; Wright, 8; Birdsall, 6; Shelly, 10; Reynolds, 2; Smith, 5—total, Union, 62. Cantwell, 2; Ross, 2; Waddell, 2; McIntyre, 7; Wolverton, 4—total, National, 17. Struck out—Spelman, 2; Ertzberger, 1; Stimson, 2; McIntyre, 1; Powers, 4; Wolverton, 1; Ertzberger, 3; Austin, 4; Martin, 1; Fabor, 2; Wright, 3; Birdsall, 3; Shelly, 1; Reynolds, 1. Foul bound catches—Cantwell, 2; Wolverton, 2; Birdsall, 6. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 2; Goldie, 1. Double plays—Austin and Goldie, 1; Smith, 1—45. Foul bound catches—Sandford, 5; Birdsall, 4. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 2. Double plays—Smith and Birdsall. Out on foul balls—C. City, 19 times; Unions, 6 times. Umpire—Mr. J. F. Dennis, of the Auburn Club, of Auburn. Scorers—Messrs. Lush and Brownell. Time of game—Three hours and twenty-five minutes. Played at Syracuse, July 28, 1868.

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The following is the score:—

CENTRAL CITY.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Sandford, c	4	0	0	1	Goldie, 1st b	4	4	0	0
Dodge, p	3	1	0	2	Austin, c f	3	4	0	0
Porter, l f	2	2	0	3	Martin, 2d b	2	4	1	1
Adams, s s	4	0	0	2	Fabor, p	2	5	0	1
Johnson, c f	3	0	0	3	Wright, s s	0	7	0	1
Boswell, r f	3	1	1	1	Birdsall, c	2	5	0	2
Grace, 2d b	2	2	0	3	Shelley, 3d b	4	2	1	3
Cruttenden, 3d b	3	1	0	0	Bellan, r f	5	1	1	1
Yale, 1st b	3	0	0	0	Smith, l f	5	2	0	1
Totals	27	7	0	15	Totals	27	34	3	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3	4th	5th	6th	7 h	8th	9th
Central City	1	2	0	1	3	0	0	0	0—7
Union	4	0	2	4	5	4	10	4	—34

Home runs—Fabor, 1; Bellan, 1. Bases on hits—Dodge, 2; Porter, 1; Johnson, 1; Boswell, 1; Grace, 1; Cruttenden, 1—7. Goldie, 6; Austin, 7; Martin, 2; Fabor, 9; Wright, 8; Birdsall, 6; Shelley, 6; Bellan, 4; Smith, 1—45. Foul bound catches—Sandford, 5; Birdsall, 4. Catches on strikes—Birdsall, 2. Double plays—Smith and Birdsall. Out on foul balls—C. City, 19 times; Unions, 6 times. Umpire—Mr. J. F. Dennis, of the Auburn Club, of Auburn. Scorers—Messrs. Lush and Brownell. Time of game—Three hours and twenty-five minutes. Played at Syracuse, July 28, 1868.

THE UNIONS AT SYRACUSE.

On Monday night, July 27, at 11 o'clock, the Unions took the train for Syracuse, and, after a long, tedious ride of one hundred and forty miles, during which all chanced to get a little sleep, arrived at Syracuse at 5:30 A. M., of the 28th. About 6 o'clock a party of about ten in number sallied forth in search of some diversion, which they found in the shape of a salt bath, comprising a basin of water about fifty feet in diameter and five feet in depth. Into this the party plunged (of course having first divested themselves of all extra clothing). A jovial half hour was thus enjoyed, when even the most sanguine being satisfied, "go back" was the next thing in order, and, a good appetite having been formed, the welcome breakfast was quickly and heartily disposed of. During the morning the Club was visited at the Globe Hotel by a delegation from the Central City Base Ball Club and friendly chats were interchanged. In the afternoon the streets became thronged and the street cars crowded with persons wending their way to the ball grounds. At half past two the players were driven to the grounds in carriages, where they found a large crowd of persons (among whom was a good display of ladies) awaiting their arrival. The day was all that could be wished for a game of ball, the sun being obscured during the whole afternoon by a haze, and a cool breeze once in a while blowing over the field. Some delay was occasioned in finding an umpire, but the arrival of Mr. Dennis, of the Auburn Club, brought the matter to a close. The Central Citys in this game brought together their full nine, and they have not accomplished before this season, even when they gave the Atlantics the close rub of twenty to fourteen. Grace, late of the "Knickerbockers," of Albany, made his appearance in the nine and proved himself a host by his brilliant play.

The game opened with the Unions at the bat, who went out with a "blind," and Central Citys followed with a single run. In the second innings each side scored two. It was here evident to all that, if both sides played their game, a close contest would be the result. In the third innings the Unions added four to their score, while the Central Citys were "skunked," a beautiful double play by Smith marking the innings. A fly ball from Porter's bat was taken by Smith, and the ball accurately thrown in to Birdsall in time to head off Dodge, who was running from third base to home. In the fourth innings the Unions took advantage of the lead, and working steadily and coolly, added five more to their score. At the end of the fifth innings the score stood—Unions, 15; Central Citys, 7. In the sixth innings, when two hands were out and only two runs were scored, Sandford received an injury which necessitated his withdrawal from the game, Campbell taking his place as a substitute. From this point the Unions gradually led away from their opponents, batting heavily and surely, while the Central Citys muffed and played exceedingly loose. Base ball in the Western cities, where gambling is not made a specialty, is enjoyed by all classes of citizens. A large number of carriages was present on the ground. The following is the score:—

CENTRAL CITY.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.	UNION.	H. L.	R.	L.	F.
Sandford, c	4	0	0	1	Goldie, 1st b	4	4	0	0
Dodge, p	3	1	0	2	Austin, c f	3	4	0	0
Porter, l f	2	2	0	3	Martin, 2d b	2	4	1	1
Adams, s s	4	0	0	2	Fabor, p	2	5	0	1
Johnson, c f	3	0	0	3	Wright, s s	0	7	0	1
Boswell, r f	3	1	1	1	Birdsall, c	2	5	0	2
Grace, 2d b	2	2	0	3	Shelley, 3d b	4	2	1	3
Cruttenden, 3d b	3	1	0	0	Bellan, r f	5	1	1	1
Yale, 1st b	3	0	0	0	Smith, l f	5	2	0	1
Totals	27	7	0	15	Totals	27	34	3	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3	4th	5th	6th	7 h	8th	9th
Central City	1	2	0	1	3	0	0	0	0—7
Union	4	0	2	4	5	4	10	4	—34

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SONG FOR ROWERS.

We court no gale with wooing sail,
We fear no squall a brewing;
Seas smooth or rough, skies fair or bluff,
Alike our course pursuing;
For what to us are winds when thus
Our gallant boat is flying,
While bold and free, with jocund glee,
Strong arms her oars are plying?

At twilight dun, when red the sun,
Far o'er the water dashes,
With joyous song our bark along
Her crimson pathway dashes;
And when the night devours the light,
And shadows thicken o'er us,
The stars steal out the skies about,
To dance to our bold chorus.

Sometimes near shore we ease our oar,
While *Beauty's* sleep invading,
To watch the beam from her casement gleam,
As she wakes to our serenading;
Then with the tide we floating glide
To music soft receding,
Or drain one cup to her filled up
For whom those notes were pleading.

Thus on and on, till the night has gone,
And the grayish day is breaking,
While landsmen sleep, we boatmen keep
The soul of frolic waking.
And though cheerless then, our bark looks when
To her moorings day has brought her,
By the moon again she is launched again,
To dance o'er the gleesome water.

HOW ALGY WON THE BET.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE BET WAS MADE.

Mr. Algernon Bates was one of those individuals whose youth is full of so much precocious genius as to justify their friends in prophesying all sorts of great things of them, to come off at some future period of their prospective career. Strange to relate, however, this future period never arrives, or at least is such a very long time putting in an appearance that the said friends become dubious and despending, though loth to acknowledge he unfulfillment of their predictions.

When Algy was a boy he showed so much dawning talent with his pencil that "the friends" were positively certain he would "turn out" a great thing in painters; when he grew up and assumed the *toga virilis* he made himself so conspicuous as an amateur actor that "the friends" declared the laurels of another Garrick awaited him; and when he brought out his comedy drama, in four acts, of "Nathalie, or the Model," with a terse, spirited dialogue, and two or three capital "situations," it was considered that he was on the high road to fame and fortune.

Rheu, fugaces anni. Years rolled over Algy's spruce, carefully tended head; his back hair does not take him so long in the "doing" now, there is not so much behind as of yore, and it's "getting very thin on the top, sir," for poor Algy is going on for thirty ten, and both fame and fortune are as far off as they ever were, perhaps farther. He has written another comedy drama since, which he fondly thought would draw overflowing houses, but it did not keep its place in the bills after the second week; he managed to get a burlesque produced, with a new "skedaddle break down" of his own invention, which he likewise was certain would be a "great go" and fill the treasury, but somehow or other it did neither. He has had several little pictures in the Suffolk street Exhibition, and his "Dead Warrior" was hung on the line in the Academy; but again, somehow or other, people didn't buy them there. Then they were sent off to Manchester exhibitions and sale rooms, then traveled round to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and so back again to London and the Art Unions, ultimately, perhaps, finding their way in sheer desperation to Algy's studio, where they turned their faces meekly to the wall and gave themselves up to dust and the tender mercies of the charwoman.

Once Algy managed to work the oracle so that Mr. Bompas, the eminent dealer, was induced to visit his studio in company with Tickler, the critic of the *Daily Thunderbolt*, who had promised to say a good word for him. But Mr. Bompas only screwed his lips tightly together, and said, "Yes, yes, very nice, very nice; but hardly popular, my dear sir, hardly popular; too big by a size; wouldn't go anywhere but in the hall. Concentrate and popularize yourself, my dear sir; concentrate and popularize yourself."

So Algy set to work and tried to "concentrate and popularize himself," to do which he painted "My love, Agnes," a tall and scrummy young lady with large eyes, wonderfully golden locks and plenty of them, in a bewitching species of bedgown attire, which showed the shape of "Agnes" rather too transparently, and gazing pensively over a marble parapet into an imaginary future, while the last glory of the setting sun was skillfully adapted to fall on her hair and upturned face.

Unfortunately for Algy, this was so different from his usual style that Tickler took it to be the work of some man he had never heard of, so was down upon "Agnes" directly.

He was at great pains to show "how woolly was her hair, how long and stiff her left arm, how out of all drawing her chin and how palpably theatrical were the means by which the effect was produced;" lastly, "he was surprised that the hanging committee had 'placed' so absurd a caricature of all Art."

Thus poor Algy was hopelessly sat upon, and threw his brushes out of window in disgust.

On a hot afternoon in August, some few days after the above notice appeared in the journal Mr. Tickler was good enough to write for, our friend was sitting in his Temple chambers, smoking the pipe of consolation and pondering upon things. Essentially a hot and drowsy afternoon. The gardens in front of his opened window were drowsy; the two or three men whose sole duty appears to consist in moving the pots of chrysanthemums from one part of the grounds to another, were too drowsy even to go through that performance; the river was drowsy, as it lay white in the glare; the young lady in book muslin who found the broad walk so charming a promenade, and was there of course by the merest accident, had given up the restless peepings at her watch, and composed herself to drowsy meditation; and Mr. Bates himself was drowsy; the influence of the hour was upon him; his soul was vexed within him; he had much upon his mind—"mental anxiety was killing him," as he told his friends, pathetically. In the first place, there was *A* skins' bill coming due at the end of the month; there was Rowley to account for the last two years still unpaid, and he couldn't put them off any longer: there was another picture returned from Manchester unsold; and there was the eighteen-gallon cask of Allsopp he had just got in "turned" by the late thunderstorm; and, worse than all, there was that horrid nightmare which had been keeping him sleepless for weeks, and, like an indigestible piece of pork, always kept turning up when least expected; for the truth could be stifled no longer—he was *getting bald on the top of his head!*"

Getting bald! He didn't care a rush for Truefitt's young men; he never used to believe what these flippant and unfeeling creatures told him; but *now*, here was the evidence of his own eyes. His only hope of redemption was in making a good thing in the way of a marriage, and he was *getting bald* already!

"Any odds you like I'll pitch upon the winner—I should say, your thoughts," drawled a languid voice behind him.

"Oh it's you, is it?" said Algy, without removing the pipe from his lips. "The most comfortable one is in *that* corner," indicating a leather easy-chair with the toe of his Turkish slipper.

The owner of the voice, who had been testing the softness of the sofa with a delicate hand, muttered a feeble "Thanks," and dropped into the chair.

"Thought I'd look in, and—that sort of thing, you know. Eh? Trichinopoly? No, thanks; too strong; always carry my own weeds. Dull?—oh, shocking. Goin' away next week—Eh? Baden, I think. Where are you going to?"

"The devil."

"Ah, yes. What's the matter?—down on your luck?"

"Yes: I've pretty nearly got to the end of my tether."

"H'm, so have I."

"Ah. Well, what's to be done then?"

"Marry."

"Just what I was thinking of."

"Thought you were; looked like it."

"Well, of course, you see it's a risky affair."

"How much do you mean to go in for?"

"What, tin?"

"Of course; what else could there be?"

"Well, I put myself down as worth twenty-five thou'."

"Deuce you do!"

"Decidedly; or I don't object to a present income of seven or eight hundred."

"Bet you don't get either one or t'other. Bet two to one you don't get either one or t'other within six months."

"I think I shall; don't you see?" And Algy began to explain how many men of his acquaintance put themselves down at so much, and had gone in and won.

"I never argue," said the other, without attempting to answer him; "life's a deosid deal too short for that sort of thing. If—fellow begins that sort of thing, I stop him at once by offering odds against his proposition. Don't you see, it brings him to a point; practical, and all that. Then, too, there's the chance of a little excitement being got out of it. Bet you five to one in fifties you don't do it in six months; ten to one in ditto don't do it in three."

"I'll take you."

"Good," said the other, deliberately taking out an elaborate memoranda-book. "All sorts of little transactions here; every one of 'em shut some fellow up. Know Peyton? Big, positive, Scotch brute in Guards? Said other day in club, Jack Saltmarsh gave five hundred for the bay ponies Rosey Watson drives. Knew they weren't worth that. Told him so. Contradicted me and began argument. Bet him two to one I was right. Peyton tried to draw off; knew he was wrong; only said it for argument. Beastly Scotchman! Kept him to the mark and booked the bet. 'July 20.—Eighteen pairs of gloves with Mrs. Balfour.' Contradicted me about Mario's age. Bet her d'rectly. Couldn't say any more, you know.' 'August 3.—Old Jowler said he could tell the vintages of all the wine in—club, by smell. Argument. Bet him. Stopped argument.' 'August 8.—Even fiver with Haldane, that the receipts of his theatre would fall short of a hundred per night after three weeks' run. Haldane positive the piece would draw. All puff and brag. Bet him. Got him in regular hole.' 'August 18.—Bet Tom Fletcher five pounds he would get tired of Baby Fane in three months, or that she threw him over within that time.' Here you are. 'August 21.—But Algy Bates ten to one in fifties he don't get married to five-and-twenty thou', or an income of seven hundred per ann. clear, within three calendar months from date above.' Will that do?"

"Ten fifties; all right." So the bet was duly entered, and Dick Winslow, who affected a fashionable indifference to everything, but in the matter of business was particularly shrewd, then took his departure.

Then Algy lit another pipe and pulled himself together to think the matter out.

Now it so happened that about this period of Mr. Bates' existence, he, strange to relate, had fallen in love. Not for the first time, by any means, but the first time it was accompanied with the idea of matrimony; for, with Algy, the two generally meant something very different, and had nothing whatever in common with each other.

Miss Rose Chumley had been "doing" the "leading business" at the Theatre Royal Liverpool and Birmingham for some two or three years before she attracted the notice of London managers. At last a paragraph appeared in the *Era*, announcing that "Miss Chumley had accepted a liberal offer made her by Mr. Slum, of the Parthenon," and would appear on such and such a night, in a new drama written expressly for her by Ferrers Brown, Esq."

The first night came, and the "Parthenon" was crammed to the roof. A new piece by Ferrers Brown was always interesting; and then the fact of its being written for an actress who was unknown to a London audience made it still more so. Miss Chumley, rather nervous during the first act, while a running commentary of "very poor," "no power," "oh, this'll never do," "very weak," "regular frost," etc., went on from the expectant critics "in front;" then a remarkable exhibition of feeling in the next act roused the audience. From that time she gradually worked them up and "brought them in her gets," till the strong *denouement* in the last scene, when in the curtain came down on thunders of applause and Miss Chumley, quite overcome by her feelings and the bouquets. Algernon Bates, sitting in the front stalls with Potts, the critic of the *Sunday Magnet*, was enchanted. He saw at once that she would "rise." He must be introduced to her without any delay. He had a plot in his mind's eye then that would suit her style to a hair; no claptrap and studied artificial *poses*, no showing the whites of the eyes and hysterical sobbing business—everything natural, unaffected, but graceful. She was "chawming," Potts said; and that was something coming from Potts.

"How well she kept it down in the first act. There's intelligence in everything, by *Jove*! Then, what a good listener she is! By *Jove*, sir, it's a treat, a positive treat!"

And Bates was all in a glow of enthusiasm. Visions of his new comedy, with Miss Chumley bringing down the house, kept him broad awake all that night.

Now although Algy had not succeeded in getting publishers, theatrical managers and picture-dealers to acknowledge his great genius, being people for the most part cruelly practical in their notions of the business of life, he had always found an indulgent audience among the fair sex, generally succeeding in causing them to regard him as a man whose talent had been stifled and prevented from asserting its proper position in the world by the malignant envy and spite of his enemies in power. For Algy was possessed of that gift which surely should be placed before all others; genius, talent, energy, are trifles in comparison with the faculty of pleasing women. So he considered it only necessary for him to throw his handkerchief to Miss Chumley, and did not admit the possibility of its being "returned with thanks."

Algy, therefore, enveloped in a complete fog of smoke of his own manufacturing, naturally thought of Miss Chumley at once. The only difficulty was the income—the actress' salary at the "Parthenon" at present could not be more than five pounds per week; and what was that? It must be increased by another ten before she could be put on his list. No, Miss Chumley was out of the question. "Great pity, because he really did—eh? yes, he really *did*—pshaw, can't afford that sort of thing *now*." Then he put down all the girls with money he could muster and found that the list was not so long as he had reckoned. The time of year, moreover, was dead against him—everybody was away from town. He must go in pursuit; but where and who should he pursue? It was a difficult matter. They were all scattered now, here, there and everywhere. If he went to Baden after Miss Smith, Miss Jones at Scarborough would escape him; and if he laid siege to Mrs. Lazarus at Brighton, he should miss the Brown girls at Rome. The more he cast the matter over in his mind the more difficult it appeared; and he began to regret the bet with Dick Winslow.

The result of Algy's cogitations, which lasted several days and during which time he consumed a vast amount of Cavendish, was his packing a portmanteau and starting off to Rome in chase of "the Brown girls." There were two Miss Browns, so that he stood a double chance of success. Old Brown was said to be worth a quarter of a million, and the girls adored art. So Algy set off with the intention of personifying art and becoming adored by Matilda or Josephine, it didn't matter which.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE FIRST GAME WAS LOST.

It is the latter end of October, and Mr. Bates is sitting forlornly before a naked canvas in his studio; his palette and brushes are in readiness for use; but Algy heeds them not. He has just returned from Rome, having proposed to Matilda, the most likely of the "Brown girls," and been refused by the "governor;" and the "governor," moreover, in a towering rage, which made him so far forget himself as to call our friend "an adventurer, by god!" leaving any further chance of success out of the question. Algy had taken Brighton on his way back, only to be disappointed by finding that Mrs. Lazarus, the rich widow, who once regarded him with eyes of favor, had left for Baden the week before. So, in sheer despair, he had found his way back to London.

What was to be done now? On the 20th of next month, barely three weeks more, time would be up, and where he should get the money from to pay Dick Winslow goodness only knew. He sat thus, staring dejectedly at the canvas, till he began to think there was not much good to be got out of the prospect and took up the *Times*. Naturally enough he turned to the theatrical advertisements; he had quite dropped out of the civilized world the last two months—the civilized world meaning with Algy the literary and artistic world of London, made up of theatres, editors' sanctums, Bohemian clubs and exhibition rooms.

Third representation of the 'Shadow on the Wall, or Sister Grace,' pronounced by the press and the unanimous voice of the public to be the greatest success ever known. Sister Grace—Miss Chumley."

"Miss Chumley! H'm! ha!—Miss Chumley—*Miss Chumley*. Wonder what salary old Slum gives her now? Evidently *the* draw in the theatre. Let's see, who can tell me? Jackson 'll know, I daresay."

Then he opened the door and shouted, "Jackson!"

Now "Jackson" was engaged in the evenings as a permanent super at the "Parthenon Theatre," and during the day, to use his own words, "went out a-settin'," which meant, that for the sum of eighteenpence an hour he lent his portly figure for the instruction of artists painting from the "life."

Mr. Jackson, who was engaged by Algy to sit for a "Dying Gladiator," in what he considered would be a new and striking attitude, and had been beguiling the tedium of a long "wait" outside by partaking of an *al fresco* luncheon on the stairs, hereupon made his appearance. Being interrogated as to the amount of salary Miss Chumley was then drawing at the "Parthenon," Mr. Jackson replied—

"That, to his certain knowledge, hold Slum paid her as much as fifteen pound, which he, Mr. Jackson, considered a mortal shame; she no more drored fifteen pound than he did; but then, lor' bless yer, the gents in the papers wrote her hup *that* like," &c.

"Fifteen pounds! Fifteen multiplied by fifty-two was 780. Enough and to spare, by Jove! *Thank* you, Jackson,—much obliged; have something to drink? So will I. Capital. Hurrah! Take care of yourself now, Dick, my boy, take care of yourself."

The very next morning Algy made a careful toilette, and sallied forth to call upon the now popular actress.

During the twelve months that had passed since Miss Chumley had made her *debut* at the "Parthenon," and, in the language of the press notices, "made a pleasing impression upon a London audience," she had rapidly advanced in public favor, and, what was of more real consequence to her, in the treasury. Her photographs now sell next best to those of Mr. Spurgeon, Brother Ignatius, and the notorious Miss Paynter, of "the Park" and West Brompton. Tom Sayers ran Miss Chumley very close for a long time, until a new triumph from the studio of Adolphe Beau, representing her as Juliet in the balcony scene, with a fine effect of the lime-light on a satin dress, put him into the fourth place.

On this particular morning, Miss Chumley is sitting in her own particular lounge chair, making believe to read a very dog's-ear'd manuscript, which indeed is no other than Mr. Bates' new comedy. Miss Chumley's lodgings, where she resides with her mamma—an old lady addicted to snuff and gin in her tea, but otherwise very harmless—are in the Hampstead road. They consist of only the first floor; but then it is not a common first floor by any means; it is a first floor under peculiarly happy auspices, for Miss Chumley's graceful presence might be seen in the parlor, if, even in the very humblest and belongings of the rooms. Nobody but Miss Chumley would have thought of putting that naturally ugly sofa into that particular dark corner, and hiding its bristling horsehair under the daintiest of chintzes; nobody but Miss Chumley could have arranged the books and knicknacks on that rickety little table so as to produce such a really pretty effect; and nobody but Miss Chumley could have chosen blinds of that color, which, when they were drawn nearly down, as she liked them to be, diffused so to speak, a blue over everything, and was suited to such a nicely her own not particularly brilliant complexion.

Somebody coming up stairs. Miss Chumley draws the blind a few inches lower, moves her chair so that she sits with her back to the light, and is absorbed in the MS.

Mr. Bates, sir!"

And the next moment our friend is shaking hands impressively with the rising actress. Then, after a few minutes spent in mathematicing the weather, they begin to talk about the "piece."

"Did Miss Chumley like it?"

"Yes, she thought it a good piece."

"So glad to hear that. And she like the heroine's part?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Mr. Bates, only pretty well."

"Would you like to play it yourself?"

"Oh, not as it stands; I couldn't; really I couldn't."

"Now? What is there you object to?"

"Well, de Vismes (Algy's villain) has all the dialogue."

"H'm; he certainly has a good deal; but then he gives you all the situations."

"Not quite all, Mr. Bates; how about the third act? Now, he's quite welcome to any situations in the first and second acts, but I can't afford to let anybody have those in the last. You know I always like starting quietly and keeping it all down till towards the *denouement*; then I want plenty of room for myself. As it stands now he interferes with my climax."

"Well, supposing I cut out his business with the stolen will, and bring on Mugley in something comic as a set off to your scene with the mother?"

"Anything you like, so long as there's nothing to interfere with me in the third act."

Then Algy took the MS. and showed how he thought of cutting down the villain's part putting in another situation for the heroine, and giving her generally the best of it. Miss Chumley's face grew brighter as he showed how all this could be done.

So Algy put the "piece" in his pocket, and began to talk of other topics, gradually leading the conversation round from things in general to discuss himself in particular.

In his conversation with women, when he was sure of his audience and safe from being rudely interrupted by a man, Algy was particularly fond of the *egomet ipse* business, and a great adept ringing the changes thereupon. He could invest himself in a garment of sentiment and interest as easily as he put on his overcoat. His imagination was vivid, and when his well of facts had run dry invention came gushing forth in rippling streams of eloquent *egomet ipse*. He had a way of throwing himself upon the sympathies of his audience, hauling himself over to their tender consideration (as if he were "pipes with the ewe") which was irresistible, containing, as it did, a mute acknowledgement of their interest and recognition of a superior power of consolation.

"He had come to the conclusion," he was saying to Miss Chumley, "which was, perhaps, a foregone one, that the way in which his life drifted along was very, very unsatisfactory. Every man should have an object in this life, you allow that, don't you?"

Miss Chumley said, "Of course, that was right enough."

Now Algy had an expressive voice, and a wonderful command over its different tones. It was, in fact, a perfect orchestra, all the instruments effectively played by himself.

"Well," he said, taking out his "softened melancholy" flageolet and discoursing with it, "you see I am one of those unfortunate fellows who have gone on hitherto with no object; perhaps it is one of the causes of my general failure—I have often thought so." Here a pause and a gloomy stare into the fire. "Ah, Miss Chumley, you are in a position to be envied."

Miss Chumley said, "Good gracious me, why?"

"Because you are successful."

All women like success, which is power, and still more like to be told of it, which is a tribute to their power; so Miss Chumley smiled and was pleased. Algy saw he had made an impression.

"It is only poor, unsuccessful devils like myself," continued the flageolet, softer than ever, "that can appreciate success in others to its full meed. Success to the artist is everything. Would that I had some hope, some incentive to help my flagging energy." Here a new movement on the stop notes produced a plaintive sigh, which, followed by a discreet silence for a full minute, made Miss C. feel her position becoming slightly embarrassing. Then he went on again.

"Miss Chumley," he said, "will you pardon me if I come to the point of what I wish to say at once?" He did not stop to give her the chance of refusing. "The pleasure of your acquaintance has been mine for some time now; always recognizing your true artist nature, is it surprising that my admiration for its expression should have ripened into admiration for your own person, not for the actress, but for Rose Chumley herself? Miss Chumley, I have learnt to love you most sincerely; may I venture to hope——?"

She had risen in her agitation at this climax and stood facing him.

"Oh! dear me," she said, "don't say that, please, don't say that."

Algy sat gazing with all his eyes, surprised at the nervous oddness of her manner.

"I am so sorry," she went on, "oh, so very sorry; but that is exactly what Mr. Levy has been saying."

"Mr. Levy?"

"Yes; he went away just before you came."

"You mean the Jew lawyer?"

"No, he's not a Jew now; he was converted some years ago."

"Oh, was he? Well?"

"He said the very same things you have been saying."

"*He* did—to you?"

"Mr. Levy has done me the honor of asking me to become his wife."

"The deu——. Good heavens! and what did you say?"

"I said I would."

"The deu——. Good heavens! Why didn't you tell me of this at once?"

"Really, Mr. Bates——"

"Oh," recovering himself, "Rose—Miss Chumley, I mean—pardon me—naturally agitated—this is cruel of you, cruel," and he leant his elbow on the mantelpiece and looked despairingly at the yellow and green pattern of Miss Chumley's hearthrug.

There was a pause for a few minutes and a solemn silence; then Miss Chumley went up to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Don't be angry with me, Mr. Bates; I did it for the best. If I had thought for a moment that—that you—of course I shouldn't—shouldn't—but he's very good natured and has so much money, you know——"

"Whereas I have none; speak it out—I can bear anything now."

"Oh, no, no, no," and her eager face appealed against his words. "Now it is you who are cruel; do not say you think so badly of me as that, Mr. Bates. Tell me you don't mean that."

As he looked down on the face, so mobile in expression and animated by every thought that at the moment dwelt in her mind, how pleadingly upturned to his, genuine feeling for the time moved him, as he said, passionately—

"I hardly know what I am saying. You are the only woman I have ever loved; I say so in all truth and sincerity, and it seems very hard, very hard. I know that I do love you truly, Rose, for I can even now wish that you may be happy with that man. As for me; well, there, it's all over now. Good-bye, good-bye."

"You will be friends still; you don't bear any malice? Tell me we shall still be friends."

"Friends!" he exclaimed, bitterly, and turned on his heel to go. Then, as he opened the door it struck him that he had been rather hard with her, it would not do him any harm accepting her friendship, and it might be useful to him some day, who can tell? So he went back again and held out his hand.

"Let us be friends, Miss Chumley, and forgive me my harshness," with the bright smile which so often had stood him in good need before.

She gave him both hands after her impulsive manner and pressed his warmly.

Then he went away and walked down the Hampstead road, thinking it all over. "What could he do now?" The vision of Dick Winslow and his memoranda book stared him in the face at every step he took. He told himself that he was "regularly done." How nice she was; how honest and unaffected; how very different to the namby-pamby young ladies he had met in society! Yes, he really did—did he really? Yes, he thought he actually *did* love her, bar the bet and for himself. It was very hard upon him, deuced hard. That beast Levy, too, a man who blew his nose with a report like a cannon and wore Blucher boots. However, he would be miserably jealous and uncomfortable; that was a consolation. A man who isn't in the profession never should marry an actress. Just as he comes home tired from the city, or wherever it is, his wife is putting on her bonnet.

"Time she was at the theatre already."

"Well, but there's no such desperate hurry."

"Well, but I'm on when the curtain goes up."

"Never mind; take a hansom."

"Besides, there's James wants to see me before I go on."

"James?"

"Yes, he's making my wig for Lady Audley—such a lovely flaxen. Bye, bye."

So the poor husband has to eat his dinner with only himself for company, and as he has had himself for company all day he finds it, on the whole, rather slow. Poor Levy! and for the matter of that, poor Rose, too! What affinity can exist between her thoroughly artist nature and a man who goes to sleep over Miss Faucit and calls Tennyson "rubbidly nonsence."

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 16.—Ben Caunt at the Bowery.

It would with difficulty be believed that the arrival of Ben Caunt, titular champion of England, to perform a starring engagement at some of our second rate theatres, should have created an excitement which induced a universal indulgence in pugilism, an excitement which raged as an epidemic among all classes of the community for three or four years at least. Yet, such was the case; and the advent of that one man, speedily followed by professionals from the other side of the water, turned the heads of half New York, beside setting the Union at large in a high state of frenzy, during the continuance of which, votaries of the prize ring, heretofore a sparse proportion of the population, expanded into dignity and to a numerical strength wondrous to behold. Almost by magic, men, heretofore of peaceful repute and to whom the mysteries of fistiana appeared almost a sealed science, sprung into the roped arena, ardent for pugilistic honors and ambitious of fistic renown. Long before Ben Caunt reached our shores we had become familiarized with the appearance of the British champion from huge lithographic prints, a few survivors of which can be seen even to this day upon the walls of sporting kens, their beauty tarnished with the mould of time or the mildew of passing age. Well do I recollect the sensation produced by these self-same portraits of the then honored boxer, for in the morn or bar-room had failed to secure one for public view a portraiture of this valorous champion. There he stood upon a plain, said to represent the battle field of his recent prowess at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a herculean individual, with massive chest and a small bullet head, clad in buff-colored knee breeches and girt with a belt ornamented with silver and gilt, like Ajax defying the lightning, in a most defiant attitude, in one corner of a roped ring. This was the champion of England, adorned with the champion's belt, precious memento of his glorious prowess, bestowed upon him conditionally by a grateful nation, who condescended to worship the hero of their creation until some more skillful pugilist should come along—as one eventually did—to bereave him of his honors, silver belt and all, after which mishap he was at liberty to emulate his predecessors and to retire to a publican's calling.

New York at that period longed ardently for an excitement, for in those days novelties were rare; and what could better answer a manager's purpose than the exhibition of the great man of the prize ring. In those days there was no lack of ephemeral enthusiasms into which the whole community rushed regardless of consequences, particularly in the matter of field sports. I remember when the boat club fever raged, when every grown up man and half grown bobbledehoy aspired to the dignity of an aquatic championship. Merchants' clerks, bank actuaries, dry goods assistants, printers and every tradesman's apprentice went into the boat club mania, and not a day passed without some lively contest between crews of so-called ambitious boats' crew. All the town identified themselves with the merits of rival oarsmen; the press teemed with praises of the athletic amateurs; the populace turned out in huge masses along the banks of the Hudson to witness oft repeated displays of aquatic skill, while the names of the contending barges became as household words in the mouth of universal fame. We talked nothing but boating and rigged ourselves out in striped shirts and fancy jackets in the latest style, becoming jolly young fellows through inspiration. We had each our favorite barge upon which we pinned our faith as to invincibility, and had a ferry house or private bulkhead along either river but was adorned with half a dozen or so of boat houses from the centre of whose carpeted floor dangled the favorite of their club.

We were in the height of this boat club epidemic, which had raged with unremitting frenzy for some two years, when Ben Caunt came among us to inoculate us with a new mania, before the fervor of which fistic passion withered and disappeared.

The appearance of the English champion at the Bowery, then under the management of Dinneford, who had been treating the stockholders to an immense amount of unpaid bills, proved a gigantic financial hit, for long before the doors opened the crowd extended half way across the street, and when the hour for admission arrived hundreds were turned away without the most remote chance for ingress. The second night the crowd was unabated in numbers, and so the excitement continued augmenting in nightly intensity, until public curiosity actually wore itself out in a hopeless desire to gratify a newborn, morbid passion. The audience upon the opening night was composed of a motley collection, fast men from above Bleecker-dom, sedate clerks from the Custom House, dandies from Park Place, haut-ton sparrers from every quarter of the city, strangers who had come from country towns to witness the imitation of the champion fight, bloaming belles from East Broadway and the Bowery, and cyprians of every grade in finery and fallenness. Dinneford's heart rejoiced within him, he had drawn a prize in the lottery of the prize ring. There was a preliminary melodrama, brief, it was, and of that peculiarly exciting model which was wont to delight the hearts of the Bowery, filled with abductions, seductions and such like criminalities, but on this occasion "blood and thunder" lost their charms, and the play was hurried to a close by vigorous suggestions as to cutting it short and other demonstrations of impatience, which appeared to harmonize perfectly with the inclinations of actors condemned to play a second fiddle to a performer of pugilistic note.

Finally the curtain arose, when the melodrama prematurely ceased, and displayed what the scenic artist imagined to be a field in the vicinity of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with a perspective view in the distance of a cosy farm house and of a respectable inn. Then to our transatlantic eyes was presented the scene presumptive of that battle which had rendered the name of Caunt a rallying point for universal admiration. Planted into the stage were the stakes, and to them were attached the ropes, which separated the vulgar rabble from the fistic great and their honorary attendants. Presently in stalked the champion, in those identical buff-colored knee breeches, his ample chest covered with a modest flesh-colored covering, drawn tight enough to give us a fair view of the massive muscles and ponderous limbs which had given our hero so strong an advantage over his prior antagonists. Hailed with deafening applause, the champion bowed and smirked, and then made way for the lesser satellites dramatically disposed around the scene, arranged to represent, and a long way from reality, the details of a pugilistic encounter.

To those versed in fistic science—and there were many among the audience thoroughly conversant with the manly art—the appearance of the English champion proved unsatisfactory, for apart from possession of muscular strength, he presented no qualification of a scientific boxer.

His movements were heavy, his science deficient, and, when matched with a competent antagonist, his defects far outnumbered his boasted good qualities. Several individuals, it is true, essayed unsuccessfully the gloves with the new comer, but they were generally novices in ring matters, without experience or scientific attainments. Indeed, in the then existing condition of our ring, it was difficult to find volunteers to measure a bout with any redoubtable a celebrity, for of professional boxers we could not boast over a dozen, and they were in the sear and yellow leaf of practice. One ex-pugilist alone could be found mastering his art and able to draw forth the giant's strongest points. This man was a George Owens, surnamed the "Manchester pet," unfortunately a light weight, yet at that time one of the most skillful artists of a profession he had discarded for many years, for George was a publican, well remembered as the jovial host of Owens' Shades, pleasantly located on the Yorkville road, Owens being his true appellation.

Anterior to the coming of Ben Caunt, and the consequent impulse given to pugilistic matters by the enthusiasm bestowed upon him, the ring in America had had no distinctive existence. True, we had had prize fights occasionally, occurring at very long intervals, yet none of our boxers were professional fighters, but rather men who had entered the ring as a matter of emergency. Of such a character was the fight between Tom Hyer and Country McCluskey, at Caldwell's Landing, on the Hudson, a long and stubbornly contested conflict between men of gigantic size and undoubted courage; nevertheless this encounter, which made a considerable sensation at the time of its occurrence, bore but slight semblance to the professional achievements of British boxers. This Hyer fight was the type of our transatlantic progress in boxiana, and we were a long way behind the systematic and well trained school of English prize fighters. The American differed, and still differs, from the Briton as a ring fighter in a cardinal particular; to him the stakes were a matter of indifference, for he entered the arena with a feeling of personal pride, mainly aspiring to be the victor at whatever cost chance may inflict upon him. The English boxer, on the other hand, was, and still is, a mere machine, who follows the ring as a calling, and depends upon it solely for a livelihood.

It was propitious for the pugilistic mania following Ben Caunt's advent that the greater mass of reputable young men had already cultivated, as amateurs, the manly science, for it would have been difficult at that time in New York to have discovered a well educated man who had not undergone a strict gymnastic training, which invariably culminated in the acquisition of the principles and practices of sparring. Few of our popular schools existed without a gymnasium, for physical development was regarded by our immediate progenitors as of equal importance with intellectual improvement.

I remember the most aristocratic school of the city, kept at No. 5 Beaver street, near the Bowling Green, by the Rev. R. Townsend Huddart, and patronized by the leading families, one of whose chief recommendations was the existence of a gymnasium, within which all pupils were compelled to undergo physical discipline, according to strength and age, during those hours ordinarily set aside for rest and relaxation. This department was under the supervision of a veteran pugilist, who had encountered Molyneaux, the black, and other of his contemporaries in the roped ring.

The employment of Mr. Fuller—whom I frequently meet in the streets now-a-days, a hale, hearty and athletic man despite his advanced years—in this capacity, fully demonstrates the estimation in which our chief men held the physical education of their offspring, and such being the case, have we not a solution for the marked difference in physical endurance between the fast men of a quarter of a century since, and the weak, puny and semi-imbecile dolts who now venture to tread in the footsteps of their athletic predecessors. From the gymnasium to the sparring school was but a single and natural step, consequently few young men regarded their education complete without mastery of the fistic science. And as a gentleman, with leisure and inclination, generally prosecutes an idea to a happy determination, it is a matter of little surprise to find a vast majority of men of means not only good practical athletes, but actually the superiors of professionals in a physical art, which is wholly based upon intelligence, practice and science. At the same time the roughs and rowdies of the town were almost wholly in ignorance of the principles of boxing, and when they fought they depended wholly upon brute force, which, unavailable before science, taught them after a slight experience in a casual turn-up with some unexpected, yet accomplished, amateur pugilist, a respectful admiration for the benefits of discipline and science. There was at that time an immense amount of street and bar-room fighting, but displays of this nature were confined to men of a specific class and were conducted without the remotest regard to the theory of the ring or the principles of fair play. The prevalent method of settling personal or collective quarrels was by indulgence in rough and tumble, or as it was more characteristically termed "hog fighting."

Mr. Fuller for a number of years maintained his gymnasium and sparring school in Ann street, where he numbered among his pupils some of the most distinguished men about town. That he was proud of his early connection with the prize ring is evident from the fact that when Pierce Egan published his voluminous work on Boxiana, Fuller contributed an engraving of himself in full boxing attire, as he appeared in the ring, from a full length portrait by Ingham, one of our most distinguished American artists, and which engraving is, if we except the portrait of Jackson, the pugilistic trainer of George the Fourth, the very best in the collection of volumes. Mr. Fuller subsequently retired from business, possibly as he felt the infirmities of age creep upon him, and now lives on a handsome competency, daily passing through our crowded streets amid a population unaware that in his person lingers a final survivor of the British ring in its palmiest days—a contemporary with Cribb, Molyneaux, Crawley and other renowned worthies of the fistic art. It should be remembered that Molyneaux, the wonderful black, the competitor of Tom Cribb in his champion fight, was a production of New York city, and had it not been for those peculiar notions of fair play, since extended in the Heenan fight, the championship would have been awarded to the American, who, according to the rules of the ring, was undeniably the victor of Cribb in the first, if not in the second fight. That he was a far superior man to the Englishman even Pierce Egan, despite his tendyism to his nation's prejudices, tacitly admits to have been the case.

We had another gymnasium and sparring school, which succeeded Fuller, and was carried on probably on a more extended scale than that gentleman's establishment. It was managed originally by Hudson, a very polite, amiable personage, a finished and accomplished sparrer, who, however, stood in dread of punishment, possibly through fear of damaging a countenance more than ordinarily gifted with good looks. Subsequently he conjoined with him a partner named Ottignon, a man the reverse of his superior in every particular, who, through energy and attention to business, soon brought sparring into almost universal popularity. Ottignon's rooms, overhead of Tiffany & Co.'s, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, within a brief space of time became the resort of ambitious youth who under his tuition trained themselves for manly exercises. Ottignon himself was, although a man of large size and proportionate weight, the most scientific and agile sparrer of his day; quick, light and active in his motions, delivering and receiving blows without the least fear of retaliatory consequences. Amiable, urbane and decorous in his demeanor, courteous and attentive to his duties, it was not long before Ottignon establish'd himself as the oldest and most popular teacher of the noble art of self-defence in our city. Having an aversion to the ring, he eschewed all connection with professional boxers, all of whom entertained a healthy appreciation of his manifold accomplishments in an art of which they professed to be masters. With the exception of Tom Hyer and Matt Gooderson no man could have made a better physical appearance in the ring than Ottignon, yet his policy, even in the height of the pugilistic mania, dictated an abstinence from an occupation popular for the moment but of questionable reputation. He was content to regain the laurels of his youth in private for ring honors conscious of their deficiency in scientific attainments, but as a general thing he discovered there were over-conceited neophytes to attractable pupils, desirous of gleaning in a day that which could only be obtained through months of attentive labor.

In Ottignon's rooms there were accustomed to assemble a sparring club, composed of the ablest of his pupils, a body of young men whose equals in skill, science and dexterity could not be equalled, even in the present degenerate days, by their successors. The club embraced mainly professional men or prosperous merchants, who, after a day's labor, sought relaxation in vigorous exercise. The fame of the organization was more than local, and the most rugged of pugilists, viewing their amateur exploits, found themselves compelled involuntarily to praise the beauties of a science whose rough outlines alone they had brought themselves to observe.

The club met in the fourth story, where the windows ran down almost to the floor. One evening, when two of the more distinguished members were having a set-to, equally matched and filled with enthusiasm, after a spirited counter and rally both bewildered by the excitement of the moment, one of the contestants, thrown off his feet by a dexterous blow, disappeared through one of the windows, shivering frame, sash and glass into an infinity of atoms as he passed through the frail barrier. The auditory in alarm, rushed some to the other windows, while others descended the stairs half a dozen steps at a time, fully confident of finding the mangled corpse of their comrade upon the sidewalk below. A singular chance averted such a catastrophe, which otherwise would have resulted in death. After descending in his perilous flight, during which the gymnast, with wonderful presence of mind contrived to cause his body to assume an upright position, he struck, feet downward, the awning loosely extended in front of the store on the ground floor. The violence of the concussion caused the fallen boxer to research with a bound upon his ardent, the weight of his body perforated the canvas, suffering him to fall with but a slight shock upon the pavement below

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Leanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT look requires the attention of a physician? Lock-jaw.

WHAT is the worst seat a man can sit on? Self-conceit.

WHY was Herod's wife like a Fenian organization? Because she had a head sent her (Head Centre).

WHAT length ought a lady's crinoline to be? A little above two feet.

WHAT is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

WHAT lock must be looked for out of doors and on the ground? Hemlock.

WHY is a clock the most modest piece of furniture? Because it covers its face with its hands, and runs down its own works.

WHEN is an extravagant youth like a dog? When he's curtailed.

WHAT is that which, when thrown out, may be caught without hands? A hint.

BREVITIES.

"WHERE shall I go?" as the bullet said to the trigger.

CLEOPATRA was a woman of Marc.

MEN of note—Music teachers.

SLIGHT of hand—Refusing an offer of marriage.

MOTTO for the married—never dis-pair.

WHAT more natural than that sentimental young ladies, when they get married, should cease to be pensive and get expensive.

IT is much easier for an ill-natured man than for a kind one to be smart and witty.

OUR civilization is not near its meridian; we are yet only at the cock crowing and the morning star.

EVERY thought which Genius and Piety throw into the world alters the world.

THOSE who read very loud seem giving their word of honor for what they read.

THE sky is the only thing that Truth can see from the bottom of her well.

MANY give their money from indolent generosity; others their time from restlessness.

THERE is no such thing as knowing a man intimately; every soul is isolated from every other.

KINDNESS and cheerfulness can iron more than half the wrinkles out of the forehead of age.

THE brain that loses all abhorrence of crime in sympathy for the criminals is diseased.

A SURE way to have everything we want is to want nothing we can't get.

A LOVELY dimple in the cheek is made by the soft touch of God's finger.

AGE is venerable in man; and would be in woman *if* she ever became old.

IF every dog should have his day, many men are dogs enough to be entitled to two apiece.

PHILOSOPHICAL happiness is to want little and enjoy much; vulgar happiness is to want much and enjoy little.

EVERY man has freedom enough if he could only satisfy himself and know what he is fit for.

NOT TO BE FATHOMED.—There are secrets, like springs, that lie too deep for boring—and a woman's age is one of them.

SOLOMON was undoubtedly right in saying that a double-minded man is unstable in all his ways; but we fear a half-minded one is no better.

MORAL FOR LADIES.—When your husbands mean to be good let them have their own way, and don't always refuse even the latch key.

THE profession of a parson is said to be sooner learned than that of a physician, because it is so much easier to preach than to practice.

"IT is very curious," said an old gentleman to his friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

THERE is an old superstition that the reading of grave stones causes a loss of memory. It may well make us forget a thousand things belonging to this world.

TO a human heart, after the apoplectic crushings of a down-pressed youth, the most violent pulses of joy are heavier than the movements of pensive sadness.

IF is very often more necessary to conceal contempt than resentment, the former being never forgiven but the latter sometimes forgot.

MAN stands with bandaged eyes beneath the sword of incomprehensible destiny and listens with pleasure to the whizzing of the stroke before it falls.

HONEST INDUSTRY.—If there is a man who can eat his bread at peace with God and man it is that man who has brought that bread out of the earth by his own honest industry. It is cankered by no fraud; it is wet by no tear; it is stained by no blood.

MERRY MOMENTS.

FOOT NOTES.—Dance music.

PAT.—Why can't the Irish perform the play of Hamlet? Because they always make Aphalia (a failure) of the heroine.

WHY an apothecary sells cod-liver oil. To replenish his coughers (coffers).

A NOSEGAY is easily obtained. Four brandy smashes a day for a couple of months will put you in the way of one that will astonish all your friends.

HOW TO KILL TIME.—With a little house well filled, a little land well tilled, a little wife well willed, a husband well skilled, and servants well drilled—a little time may be well killed!

IRRITATING.—After rolling all night in your berth at sea, till you are miserably ill, to have a steward open your door in the morning and ask you "if you'll have a fresh *roll* for breakfast."

RELATIONS.—"What relations are least regarded?" said a fellow of T. C. D. to a student deeper read in Hoyle than Locke. After a pause, the delinquent made a desperate guess, and answered—"Poor relations, ex; without doubt."

MRS. SHODDY.—"Lor, I'm so dull! What are you doing of, Mary dear?" Miss Mary—"Nothing at all. I'm ennuied to death!" Mrs. Shoddy—"Well, ring the bell for John. We'll have the cook up and scold her—just to kill time."

AN IRISHMAN'S BULL.—A teetotaller asked Pat, the other day, if he ever saw a teetotaller drunk. "Och!" replied Paddy, with great earnestness, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell whether he was a teetotaller or no."

AND THE SOONER THE BETTER.—This is the answer made by the family doctor to the lady who, having two of her six children ill with the measles, said she supposed that they would "go *through* the house."

A JUDGE OF PORK.—"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my husband was; he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from childhood."

A GENTLEMAN, informing Puseli, the painter, that he had purchased his celebrated picture of Satan, the artist replied:—"Well, you have got him now and only take care that he does not one day get you."

SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.—Dignum and Moses Kean, the mimic, were both tailors. George Bannister met them under the piazza in Covent Garden, arm in arm. "I never see those men together," said he, "but they put me in mind of Shakespeare's comedy, 'Measure for Measure.'"

A COUNTRYMAN was induced to make his first visit to the theatre recently, and after the performance was over, was asked, "How he was pleased with it." "Well," said he, "I liked the picture (meaning the scenery) purty well, but them play fellows talked too much."

IRISH POLITENESS.—Two ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question, "Which of us do you think is the elder?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

A GENTLEMAN whose auriculars had been badly frozen, complaining to a friend (a heartless wag) that he was fearful of losing one of his ears, was comforted as follows:—"Never mind, old boy, wait till the 1st of January and you will have a *New Year.*"

AN INDIVIDUAL from the rural districts, visiting the City Hall, inquired the meaning of the figure with bandaged eyes and scales in its hand, and on being informed that it represented Justice, thought it was a "pretty cute idee—as he had heer'n tell that Justice *was* rather *scaly* in them quarters."

AN awkward looking stage-struck Hoosier visited one of our managers and solicited an engagement. "What *role* would you prefer, my friend?" asked the manager. "Wal, Squire," said the would-be Western Roscius, "I ain't partial to *rolls*, nohow—corn-dodgers is my favorite."

A TAILOR'S SAGACITY.—C. Bannister employed his tailor to make him a pair of small clothes, and sent him an old pair as a pattern. When the new ones came home Charles complained that there was no *fob*. "I didn't think you wanted one," says the man, "since I found the *duplicate* of your watch in your old pocket!"

SHARP CHILD.—Recently the wife of one of the city fathers of New Bedford presented her husband with three children at a birth. The delighted father took his little daughter, four years of age, to see her new relations. She looked at the diminutive little beings a few moments, when, turning to her father, she inquired, "Pa, which one are you going to keep?"

A FRENCHMAN, being hard up for a dinner, stole a pig. He was caught in the act, taken before a magistrate, and called upon for his defence, when he thus delivered himself:—"O, mon Dieu! I steal no pig? No, sar, I never! Aha, you shall see. I tell se pig, wil he go wiz me? He says, 'Oui, oui!" and sen I take him. Is zat vot you call steal de pig, ven he go vis his own consent?"

EPIGRAM sent with a brace of ducks to a patient by an M. D.:—

"I've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter
To say that Miss ——— is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
And therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks."

BY OUR SERIOUS EDITOR.—Fifty wild Indians, bedecked in all the fantastical paraphernalia of uncivilized warfare, in savage pursuit of a fleeing fugitive, at whom the blood thirsty sons of the forest discharged fifty barbed instruments of death, not one of them injuring him. The event may be truthfully stated as *an arrow escape.*

"OUR JIM," who is very proud at times, hurried into our presence one day as much excited as if his grandfather had suddenly died leaving him one hundred dollars, or as if he had found a "dorg." "What's the matter?" said we. "What has happened, Jim?" "Jist bin havin' a few words at the City Hall with the Mayor," replied Jim. "Indeed!" said we, feeling interested; "what did his Honor have to say to you, Jim?" "Nothin', much, only I was in the lobby playing ball, when he came along and he told me to git up an' git out of his way."

A CATASTROPHE

While twirling in the graceful dance,
And trying every charm t' enhance;
She paused! and blushed! while o'er
Her cheek ran tears! How pride was crushed!
The strings she trusted to had burst—
Her hoops lay on the floor!—

She gathered them up, and ran as speedily as possible into the dressing-room and from thence home; and for several weeks was seen no more!

MICHAEL KELLY, the once popular singer and composer, was in business in the Haymarket as a wine merchant, and wrote over his door, "Michael Kelly, Composer of Music and Importer of Wine." Sheridan suggested the following alteration:—"Michael Kelly, Importer of Music and Composer of Wine;" "for," said the wit, "none of his music is original, and all his wine is, since he makes it himself."

THE DYING KING.—In the early display of Garrick's powers at Drury Lane a tragedy was brought forward in which he sustained the principal character of an aged king. Though there was nothing particularly brilliant in the play it proceeded without opposition till the fifth act, when the dying monarch bequeaths his kingdom to his two sons in this line:—"And we, between you I bequeath my crown." A wit in the pit exclaimed: —"Ye gods! he's given them half a crown a piece!" The house was immediately thrown into such a storm of comic convulsion that not another word of the piece could be heard.

BASE BALL.

TOUR OF THE OLYMPIC CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

ECKFORD vs. OLYMPIC.

After their games with the Excelsiors on the 27th of July, (an account of which was given in last week's CLIPPER,) the Olympics were entertained at a supper at the Pierrepont House, Brooklyn. Wine flowed, and the delicacies of the season in edibles were spread before the eyes of the visitors. Speeches were made, sentiments given, and songs sung, and at a late hour the Olympics wended their way back to their headquarters at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Of course the boys did not retire the moment they reached the hotel. Their victory over the Excelsiors had to be discussed, and their prospects for the next day canvassed. Not a few of them lighted cigars and strolled round the streets of this great city for an hour or two. Several of them took a look at the "elephant," that metropolitan beast which is such a source of attraction to our "country cousins." Now, all these things are very proper for the ordinary "cousin," who comes to New York to buy goods for his village patrons, and has nothing to do the following day but examine the fabrics spread out before him by obliging clerks. For ball tossers, however, who visit a city to play four or five games, it won't work. They require to abstain from all kinds of dissipation, and even from the rich viands that are spread before them at first-class hotels.

In their game with the Eckfords on the 28th of July, the Olympics found this out to their cost. They had been feasted so well by their hosts of the previous evening that they were in no condition to meet so strong a nine as the Eckfords can put in the field. Added to this, they had lost their catcher who played in the previous game (Matthews) he having gone back to Philadelphia. To fill his place necessitated a change in their nine which detracted from its efficiency somewhat. Welsh, who played at short field in the Excelsior game, went behind the bat, and Willing went into the nine in the former's place. No doubt the substitute did his best, but it was anything but good. He stopped everything that came to him in capital style, but when it came to throwing he did not come up to the standard. Willing's poor throwing seemed to be contagious, for nearly all the infield took a hand at it during the game. This, added to dropped fly catches, muffed balls and the frequent change of fielders, made up a series of mishaps such as is seldom witnessed during one game. Nor was their batting any better than their fielding. They seemed incapable of knocking the ball beyond the bases, and when they did get it outside it was sent skyward, and of course that's the kind the Eckford fielders gobble up. Martin's peculiar delivery had something to do with this, without doubt. He has never been batted yet by a club that faced him for the first time, and it would be expecting too much, perhaps, to suppose that the Olympics would hit him away. As for the Eckfords, they were in superb batting and fielding condition. We never saw them do better batting. We have seen them do better work in the field, however. Nelson, at short, made several bad throws and misplays, which helped the Olympics to the runs they made. A pretty double play was made by Wood and Allison in the first innings. The gamers touched Aitken on his way to second, and fielded Eckendorf out at first. Wood made the only home run of the game, and with Allison, led the score at the bat. The best of feeling prevailed among the players, and the Olympics gained hosts of friends for the manner in which they conducted themselves on the field. The score follows:—

OLYMPIC.	H.	L.	B.	L.	F.
Harrop, c	2	1	1	2	0
Oram, 1st b	4	0	0	2	1
Aitken, p	3	0	0	0	1
Eckendorf, 3d b	3	0	0	0	1
Myers, c f	3	1	1	0	0
Welsh, s s	4	0	0	0	2
Willing, r f	2	1	0	2	1
Bailey, l f	3	0	0	2	1
Kern, 2d b	3	0	0	1	1
Totals	27	5	1	12	

ECKFORD.	H.	R.	L.	F.
Allison, 1st b	3	2	0	1
Wood, 2d b	4	2	0	0
Eggler, c f	4	3	1	0
Martin, p	5	3	4	1
Nelson, s s	4	2	0	2
Malone, r f	5	3	0	0
Hodes, c	3	4	1	1
Patterson, l f	4	4	0	0
Kline, 3d b	2	5	1	0
Totals	36	28	7	5

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Olympic	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	5
Mutual	3	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	5—2

Out on fouls—Olympic, 8; Mutual 6. Umpire—Mr. Klein, of the Eckford Club. Scorers—Messrs. Allan and Monk. Time of game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes.

ATLANTIC vs. OLYMPIC.

Rather unexpectedly the Olympics did better with the Atlantics on the 30th of July than with either the Mutuals or Eckfords. Since their return from their western trip the Atlantics have been in magnificent batting trim, and have hit everything swift or slow, just where they pleased. Their fielding was also improved by their contact with so many out of town clubs, and some of the sharpest games of the season have been the consequence. For these reasons it was generally thought they would give the young Philadelphians a very bad beating; worse, in fact, than they had yet received at the hands of our local clubs. But this was not realized, the Olympics batting and fielding better than in either of the other games. The Atlantics found no difficulty in batting Aitken, but did not hit him so heavily as the Eckfords. There was a slight improvement in the fielding of the Olympics, and this accounts for the smallness of the Atlantic score. The Olympics hit Zettlein without trouble, but the Atlantics fielded too sharply to allow them to make many runs. The game opened with a decided lead for the Atlantics, the result of the first two innings being 9 to 0. In the third, innings the Olympics got to work and made 3, the score standing 14 to 3. The Olympics scored 6 runs in the fifth, sixth and seventh and the Atlantics 16 in the same time, leaving the totals 30 to 9. In the last two innings the Olympics failed to score and the Atlantics added 5 to their totals—the final score being 35 to 9. In the sixth innings Welsh went in to pitch, Aitken to right and Willing to short. The change seemed to work very well, but 10 runs being made in the last four innings, against 25 in the first five off of Aitken. Although there were quite a number of misplays on the part of the Olympics they fielded prettily at times, especially in the second, seventh and ninth innings. Kern, Bailey and Welsh excelled in fielding. Myers caught three flies at centre field, but missed a couple of easy catches. The Atlantics fielded sharply all through the game. Start put out the most players: eleven fell victims to him, Pearce and Smith assisting twice each, Crane four and Zettlein three times. Smith made three catches and Mills and Ferguson two each.

The Olympics left for home on the evening of the 30th. They have won golden opinions from all by their deportment on the ball field, and although they have not been successful in winning trophies, they have gained an excellent reputation as gentlemanly exponents of our National Game. Below we give the score:—

OLYMPIC.	H.	L.	B.	L.	F.
Harrop, c	2	3	0	1	
Oram, 1st b	4	1	0	0	
Aitken, p	3	0	0	2	
Adams, 3d b	4	1	0	1	
Myers, c f	4	0	1	0	
Welsh, s s	1	1	2	2	
Willing, r f	1	2	1	1	
Bailey, l f	3	0	1	2	
Kern, 2d b	3	1	0	3	
Totals	27	9	5	15	

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	B.	L.	F.
Pearce, s s	5	2	1	1	
Smith, 3d b	4	1	0	0	
Hunnewell, p	1	4	0	0	
Crane, 2d b	3	4	0	3	
Bush, c	2	3	1	0	
Rawle, r f	5	1	1	0	
Sprague, c f	5	1	1	0	
Willard, s	3	2	1	0	
Wells, l f	3	4	0	0	
Totals	35	22	5	6	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Olympic	0	0	3	0	6	0	6	0	0	15
Atlantic	9	0	5	0	0	7	4	0	0	25

Out on fouls—Olympic, 4; Atlantic, 5. Umpire—Mr. Jewett, of the Mutual Club. Scorers—Messrs. Allan and Monk. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes.

CINCINNATI vs. RIVERSIDE.

On Friday, July 24th, the Riversides, of Portsmouth, played their return game with the Cincinnati Club, of Cincinnati, on the grounds of the latter. The game was only remarkable as being the worst muffing game on the part of the Red Stockings during the entire season—worse even than their game with the Atlantics. There was only one fly to the out field and that was missed by King—his first "muff" in a match since he has played field for this club. Waterman was sick and his place supplied by Kemper, Hatfield playing right field and Grant third base. Harry Wright pitched all through. On the part of the Portsmouth boys Pratt pitched beautifully and is a fine general player. He is full as swift as his namesake of the Atlantic, and being yet a boy will undoubtedly be heard from to advantage. It would hardly be worth while to give the score in full. At the close of the game the score stood as follow:

CINCINNATI.	H.	L.	R.
How, s s	5	3	
Wright, p	5	8	
Johnson, l f	1	0	
Gould, 1st b	5	3	
Kemper, c	3	5	
Hatfield, r f	3	4	
Grant, 2d b	3	4	
Brainard, 3d b	2	4	
King, c f	2	3	
Total	34		

RIVERSIDE.	H.	L.	R.
Pratt, p	4		2
Lang, 2d b	2		4
Davis, c	4		2
Huddleson, l f	2		3
Padan, 1st b	2		3
Lewis, 3d b	3		0
Frost, c f	4		0
Hilcock, s s	2		3
Bratt, r f	3		1
Total			16

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cincinnati	4	7	6	4	2	5	2	2	2	34
Riverside	0	1	4	3	4	2	1	0	1	16

Flies caught—How, 1; Wright, 1; Gould, 1; Kemper, 1; total, 4. Pratt, 2; Davis, 1; Huddleson, 1; Padan, 2; Hilcock, 1; total, 7. Time—Three hours and five minutes. Umpire—Mr. George G. Birrell, of Walnut Hills Club. Scorers—Cuttenticen and Bascom.

On the following day, July 25th, the Portsmouth boys displayed their skill against the Great Westerns to better advantage, the game taking place on the grounds of the Buckeye Club. At the end of the ninth innings the Great Westerns were a little ahead, the score being 31 for the Great Western, to 25 for their visitors.

DEXTER CLUB.

DEXTER CLUB.—This metropolitan club is now prospering finely, and have taken part in quite a number of matches this season. On the 6th ult. they tried the mettle of the Henrietta Club on the Central Park Grounds, and gained a victory, by counting 32 to 6. On the 9th ult. they met the Resolute Club on same grounds, for the first game of a home and home match, the Resolute winning by a tally of 22 to 19. A few days afterward, in the return game, they were once more beaten, by a score of 21 to 19. They encountered a picked nine on July 22d, and polished 'em off, to the tune of 27 to 13.

ATLANTIC vs. OLYMPIC, OF PATERSON, N. J.

The Paterson Race Course was the scene of this encounter on July 27, and the 500 or more spectators who were fortunate enough to be present, were treated to a good display of base ball. For the first half of the game the fielding was sharp and it looked as though the Patersons boys would make the Atlantics look wild before they got through. Things changed somewhat, however, after the fourth innings. The ex-champions got down to their work in sober earnest and made the score rather one-sided at the finish. From the 6th innings out they made 22 runs, while the Olympics were allowed but a single. The final totals stood 28 to 5. The Atlantics fielded handsomely all through the game, while their opponents played but indifferently toward the close. Toomey and McKiernan worked well together as pitcher and catcher. Titus, at first (the successor of Sears who lately joined the Unions), was in excellent play; in fact, no member of the nine need be ashamed of his record. The score follows:—

ATLANTIC.	H.	L.	R.	F.
Pearce, s s	2	4	1	0
Start, 1st b	2	6	0	2
Chapman, l f	3	2	0	0
McDonald, r f	3	3	1	0
Crane 2d b	4	2	1	0
Ferguson, c	2	4	1	3
Mills, 3d b	2	5	2	0
Zettlein, p	1	1	1	1
Kenny, c f	4	3	0	1
Totals	27	29	9	13

OLYMPIC.	H.	L.	R.	F.
McKiernan, c	4	0	0	3
Toomey, p	2	3	0	2
Titus, 1st b	2	8	1	2
Fitzgerald, 2d b	3	1	1	2
Lamb, s s	3	1	0	1
Reilley, 3d b	4	0	0	0
Robinson, l f	3	0	0	0
Kill, c f	3	0	1	0
Tynan, r f	3	1	0	1
Totals	27	5	4	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	1	1	1	3	6	0	3	7	6	28
Olympic	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	5

Home runs—McDonald, 1. Double plays—Olympic, 1. Out on foul—Atlantic, 8; Olympic, 7. Umpire—Mr. E. J. Glasson, of the Active Club, of New York. Scorers—Messrs. Delaney and Gleson. Time—Two hours.

MUTUAL vs. CHAMPION, OF JERSEY CITY.

This game, played at the Union ground on the 27th July, gave the Mutuals an excellent chance to display themselves with the willow. Aside from the heavy hitting of the New Yorkers, the contest possessed very little interest. Wolters did not let himself out on the pitch but Jowett was in fine play. Kelly at first, Finaly at second and Bearman at third, were all good, while Shrieves, at centre field, did well. Wilds pitched in his usual style, but his slows seemed to suit the Mutuals to a T. Bliven was on hand for everything in the foul line. The general fielding of the Champions, with a few exceptions, was tip top. The score follows:—

CHAMPION.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
Denmead, 2d b	3	3	1	0	
Reynolds, c f	3	1	1	1	
Wilds, p	2	5	1	0	
Donnelly, s s	3	2	0	1	
Edwards, 1st b	3	2	0	0	
Snowden, l f	4	1	3	0	
Bliven, c	4	1	2	0	
Johnson, 3d b	3	1	0	1	
Brown, r f	3	1	1	0	
Totals	27	15	13	2	

MUTUAL.	H.	L.	R.	L.	F.
McMahon, r f	5	2	0	0	
Devyr, s s	3	4	0	1	
Swandel, c f	4	1	1	0	
Wolters, p	2	2	1	0	
Stockman, 3d b	5	4	0	0	
Beaman, 1st b	3	3	1	0	
Pike, l f	4	2	1	0	
Jewett, c	3	3	0	4	
Finaly, 2d b	3	2	1	1	
Totals	35	23	4	6	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Champion	3	7	0	1	2	5	7	6	1	33
Mutual	8	5	1	1	3	8	12	12	7	57

Out on fouls—Champion, 8; Mutual 6. Out on bases—Champion, 15; Mutual, 9. Home runs—Pike, 3; Finaley, 1; Swandel, 1. Umpire—Mr. Klein, of the Eckford Club. Scorers—Messrs. Henry and Dongan. Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WESTERN RESERVE.

FOREST CITY vs. RAILWAY UNION.

At Cleveland, Ohio, on the 25th of July, the home and home match for the championship of the Western Reserve came off between the Forest City and Railway Union clubs. A handsome attendance graced the occasion, the interest from the first announcement of the game being at fever heat. Shortly before three o'clock the nines were on the ground, the Railways opening play at the bat. The Railways led off with a record of four, followed by three on the part of their opponents, the first innings being much less ably played than the opening one of the game on the Fourth of July. It was evident that both nines were somewhat out of joint, the change in the Railway team making them weak behind the bat. Cahill first essayed that position, but passed balls soon suggested a change. Crumble then took his place, but the Forest City boys punished his weak throwing by stealing bases with the most open impunity. Phelan eventually went in to catch and did best of all, but not until the game was past saving.

Not less than three in each of the nines were suffering from sprained ankles and wounded hands, but they faced the balls pluckily as ever. In the second innings the Railways retired for two, and the Forest City, getting hold of Riley's pitching, ran up the score to ten, taking thereby a lead which they maintained throughout the game. The closing of the fourth innings showed a score of 20 to 16 in favor of the Forest City, the game constantly growing stronger and more interesting, when Barry a fly taken from Bouse by J. White and a brilliant double play by Brown, Hanna and Clark, the Railways were whitewashed, and the boys in blue took the bat with the game in their hands. And now came a rush of splendid, strong, safe batting never done before by the Cleveland nine. Three times in the innings the Railway pitching was changed, but to no purpose, the Forest City taking up everything, swift, slow or medium paced, with perfect readiness, and running their score up to 40. The remaining three innings gave the Railways a tie, four and a blank, and their opponents seven, six and one, when at the close of the eighth innings the game was called on a score of 50 to 25. Although the field play of the Forest City nine was hardly up to the standard of their last game with Detroit or the Alleghanies, it was apparent to every one that, as present constituted, their team is one of splendid promise. The outfield of the Railways is excellent, and one or two changes at the infield will make them a tough party to win a ball from. As a rule, their throwing is palpably inferior to that of the Forest City Club, and sharp, accurate throwing is the brains of base ball. We give below the score of the game, which carries its own testimony of the superb batting of the winning nine:—

FOREST CITY.	H.	L.	B.
J. White, s s	3	6	
Clark, 1st b	2	7	
H. Brown, 2d b	2	7	
Hanna, 2d b	2	7	
Burt, c f	4	6	
Smith, c	2	8	
L. White, r f	2	6	
C. Brown, p	1	8	
Total	19	55	

RAILWAY UNION.	H.	L.	B.
Melton, r f	3	3	
Scouton, 3d b	3	3	
Riley, p	1	4	
Crumble, 2d b	2	3	
Bouse, l f	3	4	
Phelan, s s	4	2	
Hardenburgh, 1st b	2	3	
Bradbeer, c f	1	4	
Cahill, c	1	4	
Total	20	30	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Forest City	4	6	1	9	7	7	6	1	9	50
Railway Union	4	0	1	0	3	0	5	0	0	25

Home runs—J. White, 1; H. Brown, 2; Smith, 1; L. White, 1—total, Forest City, 5. Fly catches—J. White, 2; Smith, 1; Hanna, 1; C. Brown, 1—total, Forest City, 5. Bradbeer, 3; Hardenburgh, 2; Phelan, 1; Bouse, 1—total, Railway Union, 7. Outs on foul balls—Forest City, 9 times; Railway Union, 5 times. Umpire—Mr. J. J. Read, of the Mechanics' Club, of Cleveland. Scorers—Messrs. J. W. Kelty and L. O. Rawson. Time of game—Four hours.

EVENING STAR vs. ACTIVE.

A match game was played at Clarksville, N. J., July 25th, between the Actives, of Hampton Junction, N. J., and the Evening Stars, of High Bridge, N. J. The game was highly interesting and was witnessed by quite a large audience. This is the second match of the season that has been played by the Actives, the first being with a picked nine from the Atlantics and Actives of Elizabeth, N. J., by whom they were badly beaten. The following is the score of the second match:—

EVENING STAR.	H.	L.	R.
Tait, l f	1	3	
Bogardus, c	3	3	
Estes, 2d b	4	1	
Davenport, p	3	2	
Seals, c f	2	1	
Corson, r f	4	1	
Webb, 2d b	3	2	
Lent, s s	3	1	
Cregar, 1st b	4	1	
Total	27	15	

ACTIVES.	H.	L.	R.
Hoelle, 2d b	3	5	
Brown, c	4	5	
Parkinson, s s	3	5	
Reiss, 3d b	1	6	
Cottrell, r f	2	1	
Torrington, l f	3	5	
Fitzsimmons, p	3	5	
Braden, 1st b	3	1	
Mace, c f	2	6	
Total	24	46	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Evening Stars	1	0	2	1	0	1	4	6	0	15
Actives	0	0	3	1	8	19	2	2	10	46

Umpire—Mr. Francis. Scorers—Messrs. Weller and Ketcham. Time of game—Three hours and fifteen minutes.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICAN COLLEGES.

HARVARD vs. YALE.

The ball match between Harvard and Yale, which was to have been played at Worcester, Mass., on the 24th of July, but postponed on account of the weather, came off on the 25th of July. The attendance was not very large, although both Harvard and Yale were well represented, while quite a number of men from Dartmouth, Brown and Amherst were present. Very few Williams students were to be seen. On the 25th the betting was in favor of Yale, 9 to 5, the being offered of 7 to 5, and in some cases of 15 to 10. But on the 24th the clubs played a practice game, interchanging pitcher and catcher, the pitcher and catcher of Yale playing on the side of Harvard, and *vice versa*, each club having to knock its own pitching. In this game, of which only four innings were played, the Harvards seemed to have the advantage, and the betting changed, no odds being given on either side. The game began at 12½, the Yales going to the bat, and at 2.55 the last Harvard was declared the winner. The total of the Yale would probably have been much greater if Harvard had played with their full nine; but their first baseman, Mr. Shaw, was absent on account of sickness. At the close of the game the two silk foul-flags furnished by the city committee were presented to Mr. Ames, captain of the Harvard nine, by Messrs. Chamberlain and Chase. The usual cheers were given and the sports were at an end. The following is the score:—

HARVARD.	H.	L.	B.
Peabody, 1st b	3	4	
Smith, 3d b	1	4	
Hunnewell, p	1	4	
Jones, 2d b	2	3	
Bush, c	2	3	
Rawle, r f	5	1	
Sprague, c f	5	1	
Willard, s	3	2	
Wells, l f	2	4	
Total	25		

YALE.	H.	L.	B.
McClintock, c f	3	3	
Lewis, r f	1	3	
Condict, 1 f	1	4	
Olmstead, 3d b	2	3	
Hooker, p	1	5	
McCutchen, s s	1	5	
Buck, 1st b	2	2	
Hamlin, c	1	4	
Selden, 2d b	2	2	
Total	15		

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Harvard	6	1	0	4	2	0	6	3	3	25
Yale	1	0	6	2	3	0	0	1	4	17

Flies caught—Harvard, 8; Yale, 5. Scorers—Harvard, John H. Mason; Yale, P. H. Adee. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes. Umpire—John Lowell, of the Lowell Club, of Boston.

UNION, OF WASHINGTON, vs. ENTERPRISE, OF BALTIMORE.

The return game between these clubs was played in Baltimore on the 25th of July. The first game was won by the Baltimoreans, but in this game the tables were turned upon them as the score will show. By the sharp fielding of the Unions, their opponents drew blanks in six out of the nine innings played, this compliment being returned but twice. We append the score:—

UNION.	H.	L.	R.
Urell, 1st b	3	5	
Sylvester, c f	2	4	
Foster, s s	2	2	
Bielenki, 2d b	3	2	
Alden, p	3	3	
Clear, l f	3	3	
Cassiday, r f	4	1	
Sheppard, c	3	5	
Harris, 3d b	4	1	
Total	27		

ENTERPRISE.	H.	L.	R.
Gorman, c f	5		1
Galliker, c	2		3
Clenowith, r f	2		2
Goldsmith, 2d b	2		2
Mincher, l f	4		0
Wachter, 1st b	3		0
Waterman, s s	3		1
Fitzsimmons, p	3		1
Braden, 3d b	3		1
Total	27		12

| INNINGS. | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Memoirs, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

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Lew Collins,	Geo. E. Peckham,	Jack Haman (2),
J. B. Whitman,	Georgia Minstrels,	Sol Smith Russell (2),
Wm. H. Bristol,	Richings Troupe,	Frank Girard,
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Jenny Walters,		Caroline Hayes.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Aug. 3, '68.

THE OPENING of August augured ill for comfort and rejuvenation, so to speak, for the "balmy air" was freighted with all the warmth peculiar to the torrid zone, giving indications of another heated term. But, hot or cold, wet or dry, our task is before us. No sooner do we lay down our pen with *a sigh* of relief—the thermometer being *as high* as we care to see it—and exclaim:—"another CLIPPER launched," than we are compelled "to take our pen in hand" again and prepare for number *next*, for which *an ext*-ra amount of "deep thought and study," as well as a certain modicum of fancy and invention, are necessary, owing to the dearth of material afforded us in these days of stagnation, when there is nothing stirring but Santa Cruz *sours* and other *tart* beverages. Still it's *our* pleasing though not easy task to provide our invaluable readers with their weekly quantum, and having their interest *at heart*, we must, as the unmusical Frenchman said when he was requested to amuse the company with a song, "do so bad as we can." The times are not as they used to be, for now every fresh artist is seized by the dissecting pens of a thousand critics?) who can write, or think they can, when every new piece is recorded, commented on, approved or condemned by scores of journalists, in the flash of an eye; yes, thanks to the go ahead character of the present age, the public are made acquainted with all this, and more too, as soon as, and frequently *long before*, it occurs! So, *we* must be on the *qui vive*, or we are nowhere. Therefore, although we must at no time ignore fact and detail, yet originality of thought is not only looked for by the reader who keeps up with the times, but is a *sine qua non*, and as necessary for his mental as the sparkling *cup* for his *physical* re-*cup*-eration. At this time we speak of the *fizzy-cal cup* as the best refresher. Yes, "gone are the days of our youth," days when we might with impunity rest on our way, pause to look back or glance ahead, repose or *ruminate*—we now *room* in 808, top floor—when the huge locomotives "Progression" and "Competition" were far behind us, and we could even *sleep* among the *sleepers* on the track without danger. But now, if we stop to wink or *sneeze*, or—dash that mosquito—we are *run down*. Did we say mosquito? Alas! that we should have to say *peccavi* to such an insignificant creature; but what can we do when they *peck away* at us so contemptuously? We must *run* the chances of being *run down*, and like a pugilistic champion of the olden time, "come to the scratch" smiling.....Talking about *room* in 808 always starts "Our Jim." James is generally very profound on most questions, and thinks that luxury is a humbug, and illustrates his views by saying that he would far rather repose in the bottom of an army *wagon* than sleep in a *buggy* bed; Jim is a great *wag on* such topics, and a *big bug he* is among the lower strata.....Fashion, as usual, takes *her sway* at the out of town resorts, and poverty takes *his* way in the usual channels. Everybody who is supposed to be anybody is out of town, or closed up the front of the house, and gone to roost in the "back slums." The people most enjoying themselves in town just now are the servants who are left in charge of the domicils of the absent parvenues; they are having a bully old time, and "receive company" just as liberally as their employers do when "at home." They give parties and Germans in the best parlors, and make free with the wine cellar *ad lib.* "Our Jim," by some means or other, is "in" with 'em, and, judging from the following epistle received from him this morning, he seems to be enjoying himself:—

No. 1,459 Fifth Avenue, Aug. 3, '68.

REVEREND QUEEN—I'm having a gallus time up here. Tell yer how it was. I know a female cook, and her folks is down at Long Branch, which is festive sport for us. I hain't never been much used to live in such houses as this; and I just tell you it takes the rag off every time. I hain't a lyin' off in damask satin, and plush, and beds of down, and all them sort o' things; oh no; *I* hain't got no nice thing of it. And talk about yer eats! Oh! my. Why, Queen, you'd stuff yerself to death if you was only in my place. Why I don't get a bite from one week's end to the other, and I enjoyed myself so much since you made me sick on that clam chowder at Coney Island. But go way wid yer clams up here! Ros beef rare, and plenty of gravy! which is hypercoon. And as for desserts, there's oceans of 'em up here on Avenue V; why I eat desserts which was never heard of before. And crokays! You don't know what *them* is, though. New dish—made of something mixed up with something, and served up with something else, and you don't know what they are, but they go down like they was "fit for the gods," as Lellingwell, the play actor, says. My female frien's name are Nansy, but I call her Ann—for she don't like nicknames. What she don't know how to cook isn't worth eatin'. And then we have our wine cellar—I'm a *little* afeared the man what keeps the place will miss some of his stuff when he gits back. We 'git the best'—cooks and all of us goes into it like watermelons of an August afternoon after ever since the people's been away. I don't know which is enjoying the most, them or us. If they gits better rations and wins a than us, may be they don't have to pay for it nor nothin'. Ours doesn't cost us nothin'. Time was, and I do remember me well, as the first heavy in our spout-shop says, when I lived on hash! Them times is parst and gone. The family all treat me well, and the girls, which is a bully crowd, do their best to make me stay pleasant and agreeable like; and I wish you would just give 'em a little puff. Since I've been here I've wondered how folks kin leave such quarters fur little cubby holes and chawed vittles at fash'nable watering places. Queen, I wish you could come up a spell. We don't look for the 'folks before the last of August, which will give us four good square weeks it, and four meals a day, with ice creams and wines to top off with at night. Why, the cook likes me so much that she begs me to spendin' money. In my moments of ease, while laying off on a bed of rosewood, and smokin' of a rosewood pipe, all belongin to the other man, I have thunk a good deal, and at such times when the flowin' bowl brought a feller's ideas thick as leaves in Valambrosa, I think it is, I writ some poetry—*hand* poetry, mind, and not got out of your macheen. I acknowledge that Bill Shakespeare with some pretty fair rhymes and Milton sling a nasty out pun, and so did Byron, Moore and a lot more of such comical contributors to the *Post*, but the ode, which is as follers, don't take none of their dust, I am sure. Perhaps this is much I do say, had these poets lived up here then their poetry would have been much less wuss than they are. These lines is written about my absence for a short time from my frugal meal; they was writ on a full stomach, which is a hard thing to do under ordinary circumstances. I don't want nothin for this poem—I git all the money I want for nothin; the man at Long Branch finds everything. Come up if you're afear'd 'tother man—the cook has just got a letter which says she's very sick! Isn't that bully? Hope he won't grow no better quite fast. Come up and git in with my friend, the cook. Here is the verses:—

FAREWELL TO HASH.

A ODE.

By "Our Jim."

Oh, hash, farewell; I never thought
A parting there would be
Between whom and this gallus sport,
Singing riddle cum riddle cum ree.
What in thou sometimes puts on hairs?
My hunger you'd make flee;
Farewell, then, while I better fares,
Way up in Avenue V.

In just four weeks, perhaps in less,
I'll again return to thee,
And sizzle thee with that fond caress—
Scrape fraddle cum raddle cum ree.
And stirred in an hour's times
While suits the cook and me;
And now, old friend, accept these rhymes
Made up in Avenue V.

"OUR JIM."

P. S.—Party to-morrer night. Try and get up. Belmonico is to furnish the things. Bring the whistle of the Clipper corpse if yer kin. The other man is wuss. All serene.

N. B. Keep my backer—O. J.

We have received from Jim a letter, which, we presume, is the identical one he wrote to the Corinthians, save that Jim's first epistle to the Corinthians came to us on rose colored, scented note paper, with "the other man's" crest and monogram engraved thereon, and the female cook's "her's mark" under Jim's autograph as a sort of endorsement. It is scarcely likely that we will be able to "come up" before the other man recovers.....Having thus given the voice of "Our Jim," we shall let our places of amusement have a voice and tell us of their present status. Thus thought we, the other day, while "wending our cart a-stray way" through the streets of New York. Beginning at the upper end of our amusement line we slowly worked our way down town, taking notes by the way. The various theatres and hall all had some response to make to our salutation. First we stopped at Wood's Metropolitan Theatre and Museum, at Broadway and 30th street, and this was its reply to our inquiries:—

What is the matter I scarcely know,
So handsome and jaunty I seem to grow;
Barvard would be surprised indeed
To see how paint and push succeed.
But I forget—it is not paint,
Nor iron nor steel stopped my complaint;
'Tis work, soreooth, and well I've stood work,
And grown quite gay from such fine Wood work.
My opening night is coming, which'll
Introduce to you sweet Maggie Mitchell.

Our course next was the broad turnpike, or Avenue Eight, where at 23d we turn to Pike, a marble *structure* that was meant to *instruct your* managers in the way they should go. Hear it for its cause:—

Unlike the great and great in story,
I died, but did not die with glory;
Solitude now makes of me
A sole *studee*—Anglice, stud';
Within my halls one may accost
"Poor strollers!" ghosts that have been "Lost,"
And so can't make, as you may see,
A very pleasant *company*.
If master, building, did but mean
To make of me a staff to lean
On, then he mistook by mor'than hal',
'Tis plain as any old Pike shall.
I'm told the master now will rally,
And try to draw the folks with *ballet*.

Along Twenty-third street we onward trode our way, until at its junction with the Sixth avenue we ran against Edwin Booth's edifice, now fast rising in its might and grandeur; and thus it spake:—

I'm getting along, I'm pleased to relate,
And soon hope to be in a more complete state;
They're working at me, nail and tooth,
To make me grand, though but a Booth.
Before the winter's end you view,
A "Winter's Tale" I'll tell to you.

"On, on, were the first words of Marmion," says the poet, and "on, on," were the words we uttered as we left Booth's dramatic temple, and so on we went until Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue, was reached, where stands the not majestic looking French Theatre. Hear it talk:—

Ha! ha! my boys, I'm getting fixed;
I'm glad to let you know
How very beautiful I grow,
From having a good Gran.
I'll give you here the best French plays
Before the lapse of many days.

And so, moving along Fourteenth street, until we came to big Tammany, we stopped once more, and tapped quite gently at friend Bryant's door. "Who dar, who dat a knockin' at de door? Is dat you, Sambo, is dat you? Will you nebber stop dat knockin' at my door?" "What of the night." Listen:—

We're all right, you may bet on us;
We might fare better and we might fare wuss;
We fight it out all summer, like a man,
We NEVER to none, and don't care a Dan,
Lo! the poor Injuns, made much talk up stairs,
But *our* Seymour is funnier than their's;
And as for dancing, and whatever fun's worth,
There's our Eugene, and need I say, there's Unsworth?
When in the kindly shrine of sleeping beauties,
We wish prosperity to one and all.

And right formost us stood that "monstrous pile," the unmusical Academy of Music. In reference to our accostation, it spake thus in the minor mode:—

Sad and deserted I stand here and grieve—
Friends seem to be leaving—'tis hard to believe
That African Opera leaves me in the lurch,
But this summer I'm just as tight as a church.
But by our Marmizek, I see no good reason
Why I shan't have a fair winter season.

Hands across—dance up to your partner! On tother side, opposite the big Academy, stands Lent's Hippotheatron, or, leastwise, New York Circus building. "Hoop la!" "What ho! my merry, merry men. What have we here?" Said a voice:

My ring is vacant, not a tread
Or horse is heard—all around is dead.
All I contain is stylish, so—
They always to the country go!
But when the summer's heat is spent
They'll all come back, with Mister Lent.

"Hey Jim along, Jim along, Josey, down Broadway we now must mosey." And there we are at Wallack's Theatre. "How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags, what is't ye do?"

I scarce know what to say; just now I have a Brougham
That sweeps its *own* way here, but must make room
For that sprightly, sparkling, effervescent Lotta
Who, from what I've heard, has lately got a
New play, which I hear is called "The Fire Fly,"
The fruit of which, I hope, will have no sire fly.
That Lotta is a gem of purest ray serene,
I have but to refer you to your fim.

"As down Broadway we go," the Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre estops us after we have passed Eighth street. "Beats there a heart on earth sincere" that has not passed one night up here? What say the sisters three?

We're going ahead all right, we're glad to say,
With a fairish play, they call "*Foul Play*;"
You'll please to say they are not right
Who think this play a mock cock fight.
"When shall we three meet again" our friends
Upon the success of this play depends.

Forward! few steps bring our wearied form to Kelly & Leon's door. But what a wreck of matter and crush of old lumber. Sakes alive! "Is this 'Grand Dutch S' at home?" "Nix cum araus; *voici le zabre* is heard no more."

I've been all gutted and so got sick,
For they left of me not a single stick;
But I am growing well again, much faster
Since they commenced putting on the plaster.

It is well that we are not *all* born wealthy, else there would be but few persons left in the city to hunt up the dramatic news, and sift out the best for the edification of the dear public. "A horse, a horse, my Queendom for a horse!" "Horses are weary of the chase," and would fain be "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried" a few minutes. But we must keep on, for we have our Olympian game to play. Ah! here we are at the Olympic, where every thing is in full cry over the Fox chase, and the upturnings of "Humpty Dumpty." What say our friends within:—

They say that Johnson killed Tecumseh,
But he'll never quench our "Humpty Dumpty;"
When Hooley and Backus the laugh has been
On young Joe Jeff and old Van Winkle.

To Niblo's Garden we next wander on, and hear the voice of the last innovation:—

As I'm opera now I must have a voice;
At the change in my play I don't much rejoice;
The legs were all gay, but this opera strue
Leads me a dirty, sing song life.
My Irma she straddles and rides at her ease,
While Adaue gets sick on too much Verdi grease;
Though twixt you and me, if the whole truth be told,
The exhortation to Long Branch was the cause of his cold.

Tother side of Broadway. All hail the halls of California's sons; of San Francisco's merry band of minstrels. "Speak to us, Sweet William, an' thou lovest us. How fare the fat and fruitful four?"

We're all right, none could be righter,
We're going to see the great Pic Ruter
Our doors are open some time hereafter,
So prepare yourselves for much loud laughter.

In a dash we found ourself at the Broadway, which we expected to find shut up. It said:—

I'm open yet, and will be, too;
The reason is, they say,
'Tw uld cause a good deal of expense
To close up a Broadway.

Near to our journey's end, we dash across to the Old Bowery, where the outside picture gallery suffices to amuse and entertain the east siders during these sultry summer nights. Ho! Old Bowery, what of you?

We're happy, now, we dance and sing,
And Frolic do take everything.

And so ended our tramp. And now, gentle reader, we give you a more substantial dish of realities.

BATEMAN'S BUFFOON OPERA continues at Niblo's Garden, but business is not good despite the appearance of the house, and the *pere* of his daughter has been compelled to have a number of "admit one" printed in order to present a respectable looking audience. These dead head tickets are printed in different colors each day, and are quite plentiful. The warm weather may have had a tendency to keep some persons from attending the performances of "Barbe Bleue," but the indelicate actions of the *prima donna* have no doubt helped to keep many ladies away. Mlle. Irma is a talented little actress, but she should not prostitute those talents in the manner she has one of late. As she becomes more acquainted with her audiences she takes liberties with them, and such actions as climbing upon the back of a person, throwing her legs around his body in a straddling position as well as her questionable displays, may seem funny to her and cause a lot of stripings with part their hair in the middle to applaud; but they are condemned by the respectable portion of the audience. Displays of the sort may be tolerated in Paris, but they are too strong for modern notions of refinement and delicacy in this city. No gentleman who has any respect for a lady would take her to witness the representation of "Barbe Bleue," knowing all things. The language of the opera savors of the licentious. Such adjuncts are not necessities in operatic representation. It is a bad excrescence allowed by cupidity to swell the profits of managers, some of whom too often permit a performer to pander to the taste of the depraved by allowing unseemly exhibitions on the stage. Terpsichore, herself—the poetry of motion—can delight the rude and the refined alike, without sinking her aerial grace and resistless fascination in any Oriental or Romantic wantonness. Comedy and farce can depict manners and attract smiles, and force laughter without any resort to *double entendre*, or indecent jokes. With such exhibitions as are nightly to be witnessed at the adopted home of Opera Bouffe, is it any wonder that the educated and virtuous do not visit that establishment as they once did? Public sentiment is the corrective of public exhibitions, and should tolerate nothing which shocks its moral sense, or that is not in accordance with the prevailing notions of common decency. Several of our contemporaries have already mentioned the coarseness of the performances at this house, but have done so in rather a mild way. If the "talented singer" had appeared before a Parisian audience as he did one evening last week at Niblo's, he would, in all probability, have been hissed from the stage, and verdegris would not have saved him, for although a Paris audience is fond of those little *double entendres* characteristic of Opera Bouffe, it will not countenance an artist wanting in delicacy.

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ALL ABOUT AN EXCURSION PARTY.—The weather has been very warm of late and excursions have been the rage—excursions to the Fishing Banks, to Coney Island, to Jones' Woods and even to Long Branch. Among the la tter was one said to have been got up by some ladies of Niblo's, for the purpose of giving some members of a French troupe, recently arrived here, an airing on our noble bay and the waters there unt adjacent. To this end a small steamboat was chartered on July 25th, for a midnight excursion to Long Branch, intending to spend the balance of the night on the water, cruise off Long Branch all Sunday and return to the city early Monday morning. Among the young persons engaged in getting up this pleasant little excursion, upon learning the real designs of the press—a writer who dabbles in affairs of the drama among the rest. We blush for the members of the fourth estate. They still poke their noses in everywhere. This youthful member of the press, like many other of its members, is fond of lovely woman, and, during his short apprenticeship among us he has loved not wisely a celebrated Brooklyn actress, to whom, in his innocence, he presented a beautiful ring; upon learning his real designs, however, she very properly returned him the antique token. He then became smitten with the charms of a French danseuse, upon whom he lavished many endearments and various refreshments, she receiving them in anything but a saucy manner. Finding his fears as to her constancy realized, he cast her off, and the *corps de ballet* of the "White Fawn" was the next field of his arduous newspaperial labors, and in this field he seems to have placed the object of his heart's content, and then a newly arrived French troupe gave more loves unto our youthful scribe. He attended many of the

[illegible] those in authority, he was permitted *entree* to the stage, and here he took his pick of the many beauties offered to his virtuous gaze. Unfortunately, however, his pick happened to be one who had previously declined the acquaintance of a resident Minister—not of the gospel, good friends. A moonlight excursion might fetch her, he thought, and so the affair of the 25th of July was gotten up; but how very selfish it was on the part of our newspaper man to keep it from the knowledge of his brothers of the quill; yet so he did—none of us were invited—none of us knew of it until too late. A few outsiders were quietly let in at $25 a pop, but the critics were left out. As a starter several of the prettiest *ballet girls* were invited, in order to draw in the more quiet of the troupe, and they asked permission to invite a friend each, which was granted. So all things being in readiness, the steamer started at midnight on an excursion to Long Branch. She was well supplied with champagne and other inducements for horizontal refreshments, as well as with twenty sleeping apartments. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" will come to the relief of even midnight excursionists for Long Branch, and so it did to our gay sports "as they sailed, as they sailed;" but when they prepared to rest their weary figures in the arms of the fair deunas, they discovered, to their horror and dismay, that the ladies already had company, the "friend" accompanying each being a "naughty, naughty man," instead of a fair female friend, as supposed by our newspaper friend and his associates, and these naughty men were either the father, brother, or other male relative of the dear girls, who were keeping watch and ward over the re-lining forms of the sleeping beauties. So "Woodcock's Little Game" was spoiled, and the "select coterie" of lobbyites and sports were *forced* to swallow their disappointment in deep potations of sparkling Moselle. After this unfortunate (?) denouement, everything was voted slow, and the excursion became a bore. The steamboat, a slow old coach, did not reach the Branch until daybreak, when the deluded sports went ashore in small boats, some of them returning to the city by the *regular* line, cursing their ill luck with the beautiful young French girls. 'Tis plain as any old Pike shall. The affair was also ill-fated by the trip and the refreshments indulged in that he was inexpecitated from properly attending to his duties, the good natured public attributing his "indisposition" to poison, when it was really traceable to too much excursion. The music of the trip included selections from Verdi, Grisi, Morebeer, etc. What became of our newspaper friend after the fiasco we have not learned. "All's well that ends well."

MESSRS. WETMORE & Co. now conduct the dramatic agency formerly under the supervision of Frank Rivers & Co., and in evidence thereof publish a number of advertisements in this week's CLIPPER. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Wetmore & Co. will meet with success in this enterprise.

W. C. CROWDIE, who recently supported Eliza Newton in burlesque, has been engaged for John Brougham's New Theatre in this city.

THE DRAMATIC AGENCY BUSINESS has become one of those institutions—alike necessary to manager and performer, so much so that both parties are at once relieved of considerable trouble and delay in effecting engagements. Messrs. Lowell & Simmonds are making engagements for various managers, among the number being Ben De Bar, of the New Orleans and St. Louis theatres; W. R. Floyd, of New Orleans; Spalding & Bidwell, of St. Louis and New Orleans; the Greenwall Brothers, of the Galveston Theatre; McVicker, of Chicago; W. Leak, of Indianapolis; Wm. Henderson, of Pittsburgh; Miles & Bates, of Cincinnati; Meech, of Buffalo, etc.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS produced last week for the first time a burlesque by Eugene entitled "Il True-bad-doer," with Eugene as Leo Norah, Unsworth as Count di Lunatick, Dan Bryant as Man-ureak-oh, and Seymour as As-you-chain-her. It is a laughable affair, and was cleverly given. Eugene's burlesque African *ballet* troupe appeared in a *divertissement* of "L ve Among the Roses." Among the most noticeable of the *coryphees* were Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour. These two gay gazelles contributed considerable amusement by their *pas de deuz*; their pirouettes and pigeon cuts and other graceful evolutions elicited shouts of laughter. The Lingard burlesque has been withdrawn, excepting the single act of "Captain Jinks," which is given every evening by Dan Bryant, whose eccentric walk and dance appear to take well with the audiences. Joseph Emmett did an act called the "Dutch Orchestra," in which he played "Home, Sweet Home," with three variations, upon the harmonica, and the "Last Rose of Summer," very sweetly, and which was most deservedly *encored*. Business was pretty good the past week with this company.

LEOTARD, the French gymnast, who enjoys a great reputation for skill and daring, is to visit this country shortly, under the management of Gabriel Ravel. The latter gentleman has written to John T. Ford, manager of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., as to business arrangements, etc, and M. Leotard may be expected here soon.

MAD. SERVAIS, the female gymnast, of London, will shortly leave England for this country.

FANNY PRESTIGE has been engaged for the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

M. L. FINCH, business manager of the Worrell Sisters' Theatre, had a good benefit at the above house on July 29th. After the first piece, Fred Lubin—one of the Lubin Brothers—stepped upon the stage, and in behalf of a few friends, presented Mr. Finch with a magnificent gold hunting watch, valued, it is stated, at $220. Mr. Finch received the ticker, and replied in a few pertinent remarks.

GILMORE'S BAND, from Boston, gave a concert, and the Montgomery Guard, from the same city, an exhibition drill, at the Academy of Music, on July 29th. The band gave selections from several popular operas in good style. Mr. Arbuckle performed the "Whirlwind Polka" on the cornet, in a style that elicited hearty applause, and for the *encore* gave "Yankee Doodle" with variations. He is without doubt one of the best performers on that instrument now before the public. The Montgomery Guard gave a splendid exhibition of the manual of arms, company movements, bayonet exercise, silent manual, drum drill, and mysterious drill, the street firing and forming square being omitted. The marching, double quick movements, wheeling and alignment, the oblique double quick, firing by company, file firing, and the shoulder and shift arms, were all done with nearly as much precision as if each man was moved by the pulling of one string. The house was crowded.

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IN CHICAGO theatrical business continues very light. Our correspondent, "Loiterer," says:—"Many days will not elapse before one and perhaps two of our places will close doors for a short season. 'Undine' will hold the boards of the Opera House for another week and will then be withdrawn, the *ballet* going to Philadelphia, where they will enjoy another till with the Crook Ballet. Mlle. Venturoli danced her Polka Hongroise for the first time during this engagement on Monday evening, July 27th. Bonfanti asserts her supremacy in the Floral Ballet. La Petite is improving. The songs of Mrs. Oates and Katie Putnam are *encored* every evening, and the floral testimonials to them are numerous.....Houses are light at McVicker's, where the 'Lottery of Life' still holds the boards. Mr. Johnson is doing 'Capt. in Jinks' and 'Strolling down Broadway' this week, *a la* Lingard. He possesses an excellent voice and feature for comic singing, and his efforts receive an *encore*, no matter how small the audience. Woodhull and Maible continue to excel in the Terpsichorean art—in fact Maible may be said to be very heavy on the leg business (weighs 200lb). Mark Smith, the comedian, commences here Monday, August 3d.....This is the last week of the Minstrels at the Museum, and next week they go out on the traveling lay. D. B. Hodges has left to fill for their early appearance in the principal towns between here and St. Paul. Fayette Welch, comedian, commenced an engagement last evening, July 28th, appearing on the 'bone end' in the olio. His *debut* in Chicago was a decided success. Monday evening, August 3d, is set apart for a testimonial benefit for Manager Haverly....The Museum Combination returned very unexpectedly to the city on July 25th. The members of the company are very severe in their comments on Mr. Blaisdell's management."

THE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE, B. De Bar manager, will open on the 29th of August with an entirely new company, composed of the following ladies and gentlemen:—G. D. Chaplin, stage manager and leading man; Harry Loomis, juvenile; Mr. Mitchell, first old man; H. R. Norman, heavy; C. S. Rogers, first low comedy, singing walking gent; E. A. McDowell, second heavy; Ed. Clifford, second low comedy; Mr. Curtis, second old man; Mr. Post, responsible; Mr. Manly, utility; Messrs. Becker, Kearns, Barbara and Bankson. Ladies—Miss M. A. Pennoyer, leading chambermaids; Miss Fannie Pearson, first old woman; Mrs. Post, first walking lady; Mrs. Rogers, juvenile; Nelly Mills, second old woman; Mrs. Nichols, second chambermaid; Miss Mitchell, *ballet*; Mrs. Manly, McKay Clark, Turner and others. Mr. Waldeaur, leader of orchestra. P. Gleason and G. Jones, treasurers. The following st

27th. In the minstrel scene Bowman and Harris occupy the ends, with Ned Tyler in the middle. The Ilferd Sisters, Sam Gaston and Johnny Collins remain in the company.

MARRIED.—Miss Belle Ilferd, one of the Ilferd Sisters, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to E. S. Miller, leader of the orchestra, at Cincinnati, O., on July 23d.

Miscellaneous.

A. L. IDE, Superintendant of City R. R. Park, Springfield, Ill., in reference to a statement from a correspondent concerning the doings of a female rope walker at that place, says she gave four performances, the last taking place July 27th, on a rope 250 feet long and 60 in height, for which he paid her, and has proposed for a repetition of the walking, seeing that the performances gave such satisfaction. This much in justice to the superintendant and the walker.

THE TYROLEAN OPERA TROUPE, as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere, can be engaged by managers of theatres, varieties or traveling companies.

HEYWOOD'S PANORAMA of the "Dawn of Christianity" commences the season at Hopkinston, KANS., Aug. 17th.

A PAINTING in illustration of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," said to be very attractive and valuable, is advertised for sale in another column.

STEPHEN MASSETT gave his lecture of "Sixty Minutes in Japan and China," in San Francisco, Cal., on July 16.

MOZART HALL, San Francisco, Cal., lately erected, was to be inaugurated on July 12, with a concert and ball. The stage is thought to be the most novel one ever built. It is entirely disconnected from proscenium and walls and rests entirely on *glass supporters*, which in turn rest on well seasoned oaken blocks The inventor claims for the stage that it will act as a perfect sounding board to both voices and ins rumenta.

DIED FROM A SNAKE BITE.—Charles E. Bechner, who kept a small collection of birds, snakes, etc., at his lager bier saloon, 441 and 443 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, purchased a rattlesnake on July 25th. While showing it to some friends on the 30th the snake stung him in the right hand, and although instant remedies were applied to the wounded part, and whiskey freely drank, the unfortunate man died within one hour from the time he was bitten.

PROF. CHAFFER'S COMBINATION was at Huntington, Pa., on August 1st.

ON MONDAY, August 3d, M. Hartz, the great illusionist, was to open Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., for one week.

ACCIDENT TO A GYMNAST.—Prof. Sweet, the rope walkist, while making an ascension in Warren, R. I., on July 25th, fell to the ground, a distance of thirty feet. Sweet had gone through with most of his performance, and was balancing himself upon one foot, and springing upwards into the air to alight again on the same foot, when some one in the crowd pulled the arm of one of the men who were holding the guy lines, causing the rope to sway away so much that Sweet missed it and fell to the ground. He struck so heavily that the bones of his left foot were shattered just below the ankle, and his left arm was broken above the elbow, and it is feared that he also received internal injuries. He was taken immediately into the hotel, where three physicians were summoned to dress his wounds. The broken arm was set, and the shattered foot was dressed as well as the nature of the injury would permit.

M. L. TOWNSEND, agent for Charley Shay's Quinceuplexals, is usticating in Danville, N. Y., for a few weeks.

A SACRED CONCERT was advertised to take place at Congress Hall, Cape May, on Sunday evening, July 26th, under the direction of Mark Hassler, but the Mayor, probably believing sacred concerts a little in advance of the progress of civilization at the Cape, put his veto on it, and the concert did not come to pass.

A PANORAMA, or something similar, is wanted by an advertiser. See card.

JAS. J. JAKWAY having severed his connection with Thayer & Noyes, is open for an engagement, as will be seen by his card in another column.

THE GREGORY FAMILY, whose line of business is gymnastics and pantomime, advertise in this week's CLIPPER for engagements.

A PARTNER with $1,000 is wanted to take an interest in a traveling show by Thomas Simpson, who so advertises in another column.

GEORGE TEED advertises another column that he has a new style of banjo for sale, which he claims is superior to all others.

"DIED IN THE STREETS" is the title of a new descriptive song by Claude de Haven, which can be had from Thompson and Riggs, of this city.

PROF. HASELMAYER, having concluded a tour through the principal cities in the States, commences a season in Montreal, Canada, on the 10th inst., and will make a tour of the Dominion during the balance of the summer months. Managers wishing to secure him for the fall season will find his address in another column. The following notice of this gentleman is from the Washington (D. C.) *Chronicle*, of May 17th:—"The engagement of Mr. Haselmayer, the prestidigitateur, at the National Theatre, has been extended for another week, and as he is certainly the cleverest sleight-of-hand performer we have ever had in this city, we are pleased that Messrs. Spalding & Rapley's enterprise will give the public an opportunity to see more of this gentleman's astonishing tricks of legerdemain. In addition to his talent as a magician, Mr. Haselmayer is a musician of ability and nightly performs on a new instrument of his own invention, called the stylocarfe, with great applause. What renders his magical illusions so attractive is the absence of the intricate machinery used generally by ordinary professors of juggiery. Although many of his tricks cause great laughter at the expense of some one of the audience, no offence is taken by any, and during the entire exhibition the spectators are kept in the best possible humor, and stop laughing only to open their eyes in astonishment at some new manifestation of the Professor's talent for deception."

THE HANLON COMBINATION opened in Providence, R. I., on July 29th, for four nights. Our correspondent says:—"The performances were the best of the kind ever given in this city, both press and public pronouncing them so. The outside feature is the parade of the silver cornet band through the streets. Their showy uniform, fine instruments and good music attracted as much attention as a circus show. The grand feature attraction of all was inside, consisting of the five Hanlon Brothers—George, William, Alfred, Edward and Frederick—their youthful, adopted *prodigies*, Victor, Julien and Francois, without doubt the smartest little kids in the business; Mons. J. Pfau, the daring Russian athlete; James Blamphin, the European harpist; A. Sedgwick, concertina player; Emily Thorne, actress and vocalist; and a full brass band. Every act on the programme was *encored* each night, and the performances were the most satisfactory of the kind ever given in this city, either in hall or under canvas. This troupe open at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston, on the 10th, for two weeks, previous to which they visit New Bedford and one other place."

MR. AND MRS. GEO. A. FLORANCE, late of the Breban Bell Ringers, are spending the summer at Martha's Vinyard. They go out the next season with Sol. Smith Russell, the humorist.

BLIND TOM is announced to appear in concert at New Haven, Conn., Aug. 8th.

A VIOLIN LEADER, one capable of playing brass, is wanted by J. Heneage Carter. See advertisement.

Amateur.

THE AMATUER DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Baltimore, gave an entertainment at the Concordia Opera House on the 4th inst., assisted by Mr. Wm. H. Bokee and Miss Florence Stanley, of the Holliday Street Theatre, for the benefit of the sufferers by the late flood. "Othello" was the play, with Mr. Bokee as Othello and Miss Stanley as Desdemona.

Foreign Show News.

AUSTRALIAN THEATRICALS.—Walter Montgomery made his reappearance at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, April 27th, as Hamlet, and was welcomed by a crowded house.....Charles Vincent died in Melbourne on May 10th. On May 1st, while horseback riding, he was thrown from his horse to the ground, causing him a pain in the back and injuring his thumb. A few days' rest, it was thought, would bring him about again, but he died as stated above. A coroner's inquest gave a verdict of death resulting from *pyæmia*, or blood poisoning, brought about by erysipelas of the thumb. Mr. V., whose right name was Charles Panrucker Viner, arrived in the Australian Colonies in 1864, and made his first appearance there with his wife (Miss Cleveland) at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, under Barry Sullivan's management, in the play of "Leah." Last season Mr. V. was lessee of the Theatre Royal. As a mark of respect to his memory the Theatre Royal was closed two days after his death, and his remains were interred on May 12th in the Melbourne General Cemetery.....Mr. and Mrs. James Stark were performing in Sydney the last week in May.....Mad. Anna Bishop was giving concerts in Adelaide the latter part of May.....Walter Hill, comedian, continued quite sick at last advices..... At the Duke of Edinburgh Theatre, Melbourne, Aug. July's "Under the Gaslight" was produced on April 25th. It is said to have been placed upon the stage in a handsome manner as regards scenery and costumes. On May 11th "The Pirates of the Savannah" (Menken's piece) was produced. Mrs. Florence Williams, carded as a talented American actress, was underlined for an early appearance.....Woodruff's Glass Blowers are traveling through the provinces.....Lenton and Smith's Japs are in the colonies.

"L'HOMME AU SABLE" is the title of a new two act *ballet* by M M. Saint Leon, in active rehearsal at the Opera in Paris.

MAD. RISTORI has arrived in Paris with her theatrical company.

A VERSION of "The Woman in White," entitled "La Femme en Blanc," is in active preparation at the Gaite, Paris.

THE THEATRE FRANCAIS, Paris, closed on July 15th, for the purpose of repairs.

MADLE PERSON has accepted a permanent engagement at the Odeon, Paris.

HERR WAGNER'S "Meistersanger" has had only three representations at Munich, after months of preparation and an enormous outlay of money.

M. THIRON, of the Odeon, Paris, has been engaged at the Theatre Francais.

"FAUST" is in active preparation at the Grand Opera, Paris. It is stated that M. Faure would play Mephistophiles and Mlle. Nilsson would be the Margherita.

HELLER, the magician, has got his discharge in the English Bankruptcy Court.

MADLE. CLARKE, the American comedian, opened an engagement in Edinburgh, Scotland, on July 13th, at the Operetta House in Major Wellington De Boots. He was favorably received and was called before the curtain several times during the evening.

THE THEATRE NOVA, at Turin, has been burnt down. The conflagration did not last an hour and only the walls are left standing. The flames broke out at ten o'clock at night during the performance; the audience, however, and the actors made their escape and no personal casualty is to be mentioned.

PROF. RISLEY'S JAPS have had a big reception in Madrid. Queen Isabella was present, also thousands of the Spanish people.

WASH NORTON closed his engagement with the Moore and Crocker Christy Minstrels in London, Eng., on July 20th, and has about organizing a minstrel band for a trip to South Africa, in partnership with Charles Steele, who was wrecked on the coast of South Africa in 1862. Norton and Steele were among the first to visit that country years ago. The company were to leave London on July 22d and stop at Demerara, St. Helena and Cape Town.

"THE WOMEN OF THE AGE" is the title of a pantomime produced at the Cluny Theatre, Paris. The first scene represents a gay crowd of *demi-mondaines* at the Pre Catelan, all of them in splendid dresses and covered with flashing diamonds. The next scene is entitled "Twenty years later," and the same women make their appearance in rags, as ugly harridans, and armed with broomsticks, like the well known female sweep brigade of Paris, which, in groat part, consists of the *demi-mondaines* of 1830 and 1840.

AN ENTERTAINMENT is to be given at the Columbia House, Cape Island, on the 7th inst., at which Mr. Robert Craig, of the Arch, Philadelphia, will appear in several of his imitations, &c.

FRANK P. DODSON has completed the model of a new banjo which is said to be excellent for harmony and brilliancy of tone. He has applied for a patent.

A PUNCH AND JUDY performer is advertised for. See card elsewhere.

PRESTIGIUS, one of the Lubin Brothers, thaumaturgists, escamoteurists, prestidigitateurists, illusionists and fakirs in general on the art of "now you see it and now you don't," publishes an acrostic card in another column, in which he informs professionals in general that he is prepared to furnish them with fresh Ethiopian sketches, songs, acts, local burlesques, farces and everything that may be required. He also continues the manufacture of magical apparatus of every description and can start a fakir well equipped in very short time.

HENRY C. TRIPPLE, of the Quaker City, is expert in the architecture of coverings for the feet adapted to marching on the luminic stage, he having been in that business since 1819. For precisely how to address him read advertisement in another column.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE in East Liberty, Pa., will soon be finished and opened by J. Tucker, assisted by the Davenport Dramatic Association of that place.

FRANK B. REESE, son of James Reese, better known in the dramatic world as "Colley Cibber" died in Philadelphia on July 30, aged 16 years. He is said to have been a fine reader, fond of the classics, and well versed in English literature.

THE FUNA YAMA JAP give their first show this season at Pleasant Hill, Mo., on the 10th inst., and open at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, on the 12th, under J. C. Wilder's management.

THE LEOTARD COMBINATION are in the last week of their present engagement at the Boston Museum. Lingard takes a benefit on the 7th inst.

BUCKSTONE MAKES A SPEECH.—The following is Mr. Buckstone's speech upon the occasion of his benefit on July 16, at the Haymarket Theatre, London:—"*Ladies and Gentlemen.*—On the breaking up for the holidays at public schools there is always a speech day to which the boys appointed to deliver an oration look forward with considerable anxiety and with many hopes and fears. I confess that the same feeling possesses me when my speech day arrives and we break up for the vacation; then I am sad only anxious to get pleasantly through my task, but to give a good account of the past and inform you what we intend to do in the future; but before I proceed to that part of my address you will, I am sure, pardon the few remarks I may have to make respecting this theatre and its performers. I am now, ladies and gentlemen, in the sixteenth year of my management. When I commenced on the Easter Monday of 1853, the company, as regards the gentlemen, is almost the same now as it was at that time. I then had Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Compton, Mr. Howe, Mr. Clark, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Braid and many others who are still here, while, as you perceive, Mr Buckstone also remains. I cannot say as much for the ladies of 1853, because sixteen years in the life of a female makes a little difference and will bring about remarkable changes—one of which is matrimony, and where this has happened and the ladies have departed with their lords, of course I have been obliged to fill up the vacancies; but as these conjugal proclivities are still going on, if I do not keep a sharp watch I may find myself at last without a real Miss in the company. However, I contrive to supply deserted places as well as I can, and, I hope, to your satisfaction. With this evening, ladies and gentlemen, I terminate a season of five hundred and fifty-four nights, and when you consider the great competition everywhere, the numerous places of amusement always open, to say nothing of the many tropical weeks we have lately experienced, you will allow that such a long season, brought successfully to a close, is no small achievement. It is not possible, ladies and gentlemen, that I can continue many more seasons before you, but as I have not yet found any decay in any of my faculties, and am still in good health and strength, it may be that my time for bidding you a final adieu will not be so very soon. In fact, I have only just begun to think of it, and that chiefly through finding myself sometimes called "a veteran," which designation I have earned by having been more than forty years before the public—a few at the transpontine theatres and Drury Lane; about ten at the Adelphi, in the days of Frederick Yates and John Reeve, and the remaining thirty here, at the Haymarket; still I hope to have sufficient stamina remaining to do what has to be done here, and which, I assure you, is not a little, as during the vacation the house will undergo a thorough repair and renovation. A new proscenium has been designed and painted by Mr. Barnes, a new act drop will be supplied by Mr. Telbin, whilst the decoration will be carried out by the talented artists of this establishment. On Monday, October the 19th, the house will reopen with Miss Bateman in her world-renowned character of Leah, and during her engagement that lady will produce a new play, written expressly for her by Dr. Mosenthal, the author of Leah, who, I am proud to announce, has intimated his determination to be present at the first representation. Mr. Buckstone will from time to time appear in new or revived comedies and farces, while his son will occasionally drop in, and from what you have seen to-night, I hope will soon be able to wear some of his father's old shoes. At Christmas, Mr. Sothern will return, repeating the successful play of 'A Hero of Romance,' but only until a new production by Dr. Westland Marston can be ready for representation. I am also happy to tell you that Mr. Robertson, the author of 'David Garrick' at this house, and of many talented comedies at other theatres, is engaged upon one for the performance here. I am now about to take the entire Haymarket Company on a tour to Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Edinburgh and Bradford, and although we shall not have so many difficulties to encounter as the gallant Sir Robert Napier had in Abyssinia, yet we hope to overcome whatever obstacles we may meet with in the same spirit of British pluck. As a certain great house that governs the land, as well as this less important one, will soon break up for the recess, let us hope that the country with its new Parliament will continue to prosper, that the Haymarket Theatre with its new plays may also continue to prosper, and with these hearty wishes, ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for myself and in the name of every member of my company, for your long continued kindness and patronage, and until October next respectfully bid you farewell."

FUNERAL OF THE LATE SAMUEL LOVER.—The remains of the late Samuel Lover, who died at Jersey, Eng., July 6th, were, on July 15th, interred at Kensal Green Cemetery. The funeral procession consisted of a hearse and four plumed horses, three mourning coaches and pairs, followed by a large number of private carriages. The principal mourners were Mrs. Lover, the widow of deceased; the Rev. W. Worby, M. A.; Rev. G. Morris, M. A., brother-in-law to deceased; the Rev. H. Nelson, M. A., incumbent of St. Stephen's, Avenue road, St. John's wood; Mr. Frederick Peake, solicitor, and the Rev. H. C. Davis. On arriving at the cemetery the Royal Irish Volunteers met the *cortege* at the gates. The service was performed by the Rev. E. H. Nelson, M. A., assisted by the Rev. H. C. Davis, M. A., and the coffin was then placed by the side of the two daughters of the poet, Lucy and Meta Lover. Mr. Lover was the son of an Irish gentleman of position, and was educated as an artist, choosing the portrait painting branch of his art at the outset of his career, and contributing frequently to the exhibitions of the Irish Academy; but it is as a ballad writer that he will be best remembered. He fitted his exquisite little simple airs with the prettiest words, and wove the fairy legends of his country into the most charming lyrics, which he would himself sing to the piano—in a small, chirping voice, indeed, but with intense expression; and which were speedily to be ground on all the barrel-organs throughout the country. We sigh for the days when our tears were evoked by the "Four-leaved Shamrock" and "The Angel's Whisper," and our hearty, healthy laughter raised by "Molly Bawn" and "The Low-backed Car." Mr. Lover wrote novels, too—"Handy Andy," "Rory O'More," &c., which had an enormous success in America. He, likewise, furnished the libretto of an opera or two founded on these stories. Some ten years ago his friends bestirred themselves and obtained for him a pension of £100 a year from the Civil List. He was in his seventieth year at the time of his death, and almost to the last retained the bright, kindly geniality which had distinguished him through life.

A COLORED MAN, styling himself "the Great African Blondin," has recently been performing on the high rope at Beverley, Eng. On Wednesday evening, July 15th, his rope gave way and the unfortunate man fell from a height of over fifty feet. He alighted on the ground face downwards, and when taken up was insensible. One of his arms and wrists were broken.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, who has been playing at the Chatelet, Paris, was seriously ill at last advices, but would soon resume her performances in "Mazeppa" and the "Pirates de la Savane."

LONDON SHOW NEWS.—The regular season has closed at several of the theatres, and the performances thereat have had the irregularity characteristic of its close. Several managers show signs of activity. The Haymarket closed on July 16th, with a benefit to Manager Buckstone. Mr. Frederick Buckstone, son of the *beneficiaire*, made his first appearance on any stage in the farce of "Pay to the Bearer." He is said to inherit most of his father's advantages in humorous expression of face and compactness of stature. The performances commenced with the comedietta of "A Co-operative Movement," followed by the revival of "She Would and She Would Not," with Buckstone as Proppanti, Ione Burke as Flora, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliams as Viletta, Chippendale as Don Manuel, and Walter Gordon as Don Lewis.....A supplementary season was to commence on July 20th, with Mr. Pennington as Othello. On July 21st James Anderson was to make his *re-entre* as King John.....Mr. Allerton as Hamlet and Kate Saville as Ruth, have appeared on alternate nights at the Princess' Theatre.....The drama of "Time and the Hour," and the extravaganza of "Fowl Play," have been the only attractions offered at the New Queen's Theatre. Byron's drama of "The Lancashire Lass" was to be produced on July 24th, for the benefit of W. H. Liston.....The Adelphi continues the performances of Charles Mathews.....The Strand finds the burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "Sisterly Service" sufficiently attractive to keep them on the bills.....The Prince of Wales Theatre was to close its season on July 25th with "Caste." The winter season commences in September with the production of "Society.".....'La Belle Helene" was produced at the St. James' on July 13th before a crowded audience. Mlle. Schneider played Helene, and, says the London *Times*:—Her representation of Helene resembled more closely than we anticipated or hoped her representation of the Duchesse It was, of course, very clever, droll and exaggerated, full of the broadest and least refined display, yet not altogether devoid even in its coarsest passages, of a certain artistic subtlety. Mlle. Schneider sings very little. What she wants in voice she more than makes up for in fire, and her rendering of some of the music was as good as we are likely to hear. In many passages she was warmly received, and more than one of her songs was redemanded.....Boucicault's new drama, "London by Night," is in rehearsal at the Princess.....The Holborn Theatre has relied upon "Foul Play" for its principal attraction. The play is, nevertheless, a failure..... Benefits have been in order at the Royalty. The last was closed on July 17th.....The summer season at Sadler's Wells has terminated.....The drama of "Black Hearts" has been produced at the Victoria. In it Mr. F. Marchant appeared as the much-wronged husband, Diaz. "The Old Inn at Southwark" and some singing have also been given.....At the Britannia the old but popular local drama of "The Life of a Weaver" has been revived, followed by "The Knights of the Road" and other entertainments.....'Jonathan Wild' has been performed at the New East London, followed by "Foul Deeds."..... Mad. Reybella did not appear at the Italian Opera House on July 13th as Selika in "L'Africaine" in consequence of indisposition. "Faust" was substituted, with Van Zandt as the heroine..... The new theatre to be built on the site of the Strand Music Hall is to be called The Gaiety Theatre. Mr. John Hollingshead is the lessee.....The run of the "Grand Duchess" at the Olympic has been ended by the withdrawal of Mrs. Howard Paul from the company to fulfill watering-place engagements with Mr. Paul in their drawing-room entertainments..... Kate Terry became the mother of a daughter on July 5th.....Henry C. Cooper, who will be remembered in this country as manager and conductor of the Cooper English Opera Troupe, at present conducting the Promenade Concerts at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, purchased a violin a few days ago for which he paid the large sum of £350. The executors of the late Mr. Piowden sold seven violins, for which they received £7,000. The violin purchased by Mr. Cooper was one of this number, and is what is known in the profession as a "Joseph Guarnerius." It formerly was in the Godling collection, and afterwards in that of Mr. Plowden.

JOSEPH STERLING COYNE, a dramatic writer of considerable eminence, died in London, Eng., on July 20th. Among his most popular productions were "The Phrenologist," the "Honest Cheats," the "Four Lovers," "A Queer Subject," "Helen Oakleigh," "The Merchant and His Clerks," "The Queen of the Abruzzi," "The Signal," "Volahs," "Presented at Court," "The Hope of the Family," "The Old Chateau," "The Secret Agent," "The Man of Many Friends," "The Lost Pleiad," "My Wife's Daughter," "Everybody's Friend," "The Love Knot," "Black Sheep," "Nothing Venture, Nothing Win," "Pets of the Parterre," "Fraud and Its Victims," "Angel or Devil," "The Woman in Red," "The World of Dreams," "Did You Ever Send Your Wife to Camberwell?" "The Water Witches," "The Spirit of the Fountain," "Pas de Fascination," "The Little Rebel," "An Unprotected Female," "Urgent Private Affairs," and "Samuel in Search of Himself." For many years Mr. Coyne was connected with the London *Sunday Times* as its dramatic critic. He was born at Birr, Kings county, Ireland, and at the time of his death was in his sixty-third year.

INTERNATIONAL LACROSSE MATCH.—The Mohawk Club of Troy, N. Y., recently started upon a tour through the New Dominion, and on the 28th ult., encountered the Montreal Club, of Montreal, C.E., an old standard organization, by whom they, as had been anticipated, were badly beaten, the Canucks winning three straight games in a canter, in 8, 2 and 6 minutes, respectively. The Mohawk men lack size, speed and knowledge; their play was all kicking, swiping and tipping; there was no organization in the field, all bunching in the goal, and above all there was no spirit in their play. Men let the ball be carried away from under their noses and made no effort to prevent it. Maltby, of the Montrealers, made a couple of good runs; Ralston did not pick up with his usual speed; Stephen McDonald, Tait and Arthur Simpson did good service, playing beautifully in goal; Holman did not appear at the Italian Opera House on July 13th as Selika in "L'Africaine" in consequence of indisposition. "Faust" was substituted, with Van Zandt as the heroine..... The new theatre to be built on the site of the Strand Music Hall is to be called The Gaiety Theatre. Mr. John Hollingshead is the lessee.....The run of the "Grand Duchess" at the Olympic has been ended by the withdrawal of Mrs. Howard Paul from the company to fulfill watering-place engagements with Mr. Paul in their drawing-room entertainments..... Kate Terry became the mother of a daughter on July 5th.....Henry C. Cooper, who will be remembered in this country as manager and conductor of the Cooper English Opera Troupe, at present conducting the Promenade Concerts at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, purchased a violin a few days ago for which he paid the large sum of £350. The executors of the late Mr. Piowden sold seven violins, for which they received £7,000. The violin purchased by Mr. Cooper was one of this number, and is what is known in the profession as a "Joseph Guarnerius." It formerly was in the Godling collection, and afterwards in that of Mr. Plowden.

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CRICKET.

BOSTON vs. PHILADELPHIA.

A first-class cricket match was played at East Cambridge, Mass., on July 30th and 31st, between two strong elevens, one chosen from the Young America, Germantown and Philadelphia clubs, the other from the Boston and Lynnfield clubs. The Philadelphians had just returned from their trip to Canada, and were no doubt somewhat fatigued; nevertheless they played brilliantly, and drew forth equally brilliant play from the Bostonians, who finally won by twenty-four runs, owing in a great degree to the brilliant batting of Eastwood and Hammond. For details we refer to the appended score:—

First Innings.	Boston.	Second Innings.	
Draper st Hammond b Lage	7	b Magee	26
Smallwood b Newhall	2	run out	6
Roddick c Hoffman b Newhall	10	b Magee	0
Eastwood b Newhall	69	c White b Magee	6
Hammond run out	62	c Outteridge b Newhall	5
Crosland c Markoe b Newhall	2	c Sims b Magee	5
Leslie b Newhall	16	absent	0
Linder c Hopkinson b Magee	4	c Outteridge b Newhall	0
Parker b Newhall	0	c Large b Newhall	7
Bate not out	1	not out	6
Byes, 14; wide, 1	15	Byes, 2; leg byes, 3	5
Total	178	Total	82

First Innings.	Philadelphia.	Second Innings.	
Outteridge c Crosland b Eastwood	4	c and b Draper	11
Baird c Crosland b Eastwood	16	st Hammond b Draper	6
D. Newhall c Hammond b Eastwood	27	st Hammond b Draper	2
Large b Eastwood	50	l b w b Draper	37
Magee b Roddick	13	c Farley b Roddick	6
Markoe b Roddick	0	c Hammond b Roddick	0
Staley c Hammond b Roddick	2	b Roddick	6
Hopkinson c Cseland b Draper	18	st Hammond b Draper	8
White b Draper	4	b Roddick	4
Sims b Draper	4	not out	3
Holman not out	4	run out	0
Bye, 1; leg bye, 1	2	leg bye	1
Total	148	Total	84

KNICKERBOCKER vs. PHILADELPHIA PICKED ELEVEN.

The return match was played at Montreal on the 28th ult. The garrison officers were in excellent play, the hitting of Pepys and Rose being terrific, the former making 101, and the latter 83. The totals were 326. It was late in the day when the Philadelphians went in, and when the stumps were drawn the match was considered drawn, as the picked eleven had to start for Quebec the same night. The result was a score of 59 with the loss of two wickets, Large's 30, not out, being the best figure. The summary is given below:—

Knickerbocker—	First Innings.		
Hogge c Large b Magee	7	Murray c Hopk'n b Newhall	23
Malmwaring b Magee	22	Rawes c Hopk'n b Newhall	1
Rose b Newhall	101	Sawyer st Large b Newhall	7
Hornby c Cadwallader b Magee	46	Wallace c Markoe b Newhall	3
Rose not out	83	Byes, 12; w, 8; l b, 5; n b, 1	26
Heneage b Magee	2		
Townsend b Newhall	5	Total	326

Philadelphia—	First Innings.		
Cadwallader b Rawes	0	Byes, 5; wides, 3	8
D. Newhall c and b Pepys	15		
Large not out	30	Total	59
Baird not out	11		

PHILADELPHIA vs. GARRISON KNICKERBOCKERS.

The match between the officers of the garrison and the Philadelphians, which was commenced on the Garrison Club Grounds, Fredericton, on the 24th, was concluded on the following day in presence of a large number of spectators. A military band was in attendance, and lent additional attraction to the scene. On the first day the Philadelphians had scored 16 for 4 wickets. Luck persistently set against them, as the last wicket fell for the light total of 33. Newhall was unfortunately bowled by a ball from his pad ere scoring, and Large, when well in, was run out. The Garrison went in and scored 200, their innings showing some grand batting. Mr. Pepys scored his 21 in very rapid style, and showed great hitting powers. Mr. Hornby's batting was magnificent and very free, his score of 46 only containing 4 singles. Darbies, when well in with 19, dropped his hat on his bales while dodging a high ball, and was given out; one of the most extraordinary cases ever known to occur in cricket. Rose made his 39 by steady play, with very strong hitting when a chance presented itself. Townshend made 6 in two hits. Malmwaring's 17 (not out) were well got. The bowling of the Philadelphians was very fast and very well on the wicket. It however did not worry. Their fielding was splendid and very steady, notwithstanding the great score piled up against them. Staley was particularly noticeable. Newhall made a magnificent catch. The Philadelphians went in, being 167 behind on the first innings, but were disposed of for 83, Newhall, Large, White, and Sims doing some very pretty batting. The Garrison fielded finely, Major Hogge and Mr. Davies being particularly good. Mr. Wallace kept wicket admirably. Captain Murray only allowed one ball to pass him at long-stop, and Mr. Pepys made a very fine catch. We give the score below:—

First Innings.	Young America.	Second Innings.	
Hopkinson b Rose	0	c Hornby b Rawes	9
Baird l b w, b Rose	0	c and b Pepys	4
Markoe c Rose b Rawes	4	c Horney b Pepys	4
D. Newhall b Rawes	0	c Rawes b Hornby	11
Large run out	7	b Pepys	14
Cadwallader b Rose	0	b Rawes	4
Magee b Rose	0	c Murray b Pepys	0
White b Rose	0	b Rose	14
Staley c Heneage b Rose	12	b Hornby	4
Sims b Rose	5	not out	12
Hoffman not out	0	run out	1
Wides	7	Byes, 8; wides, 11	14
Total	33	Total	83

Knickerbocker.—First Innings.			
Major Hogge c White b Baird	4	Townshend c and b Newhall	8
Pepys b Magee	21	Malmwaring not out	17
Hornby c Markoe b Baird	46	Capt. Murray b Magee	4
Davies h w, b Magee	13	Rawes c Large b Newhall	4
Rose c Hopkinson b Magee	39	Byes, 5; leg byes, 8; wides, 3	16
Wallace b Magee	12		
Heneage b Magee	6	Total	200

THE NATIONAL SPORT OF SPAIN.

A BULL FIGHT GRAPHICALLY DESCRIBED.

The following description of a bull fight at the Plaza de Toros, Madrid, Spain, is from the pen of Sinclair Tousey, of New York, recently returned from a tour through Europe. The article was written for the *New York Weekly*, in which excellent paper it will shortly appear:—

I passed between two rows of guards, having muskets with fixed bayonets, and found my seat. The arena or ring is over two hundred feet in diameter; around it is a strong fence, about five and a half feet high. Some eighteen inches above the level of the arena, on the inside of the fence, and against it, is a step running the entire circuit of the ring, placed there to aid the men in jumping this fence when pursued by the bull. Some six feet beyond this fence is another one, a little higher, and back of this are the rows of seats, rising amphitheatre fashion, to the covered boxes occupied by the higher classes.

At convenient distances, gates are placed in the first fence—that is the one next to the ring—which, on opening, turn out across the space formed by the first and second fences. These gates are thus arranged for the purpose of turning the bull back into the ring or arena when he jumps the first fence, as he sometimes does. This space between these two fences is a favorite spot for the young men to stand and thrust sticks into the bull when never they can. The seats were full of people—perhaps ten thousand men, women, boys, girls and babies in their mothers' arms. At a signal, two or three sickly looking fellows in uniform ride into the ring, march slowly around it and go out. Another signal, a blast on a bugle, and in come the gaily clad wretches that are to tease and torment the bull. Another blast on the bugle and then enter three or four poor, miserable old horses, with one eye blinded (to instantly kill which would be kindness), ridden by men having their legs cased in iron, to prevent their being hurt by the bull or by the horses falling on them. Each of these mounted horsemen with iron clad legs has a long stick looking like a bean pole, which he carries on the blind side of his horse, for the purpose of thrusting at the bull, but is so seldom needed that it appears to be carried more for show than use.

Ten gaudily dressed fellows, mounted and on foot, place themselves in front of the manager of the delightful sports that are to follow, make obeisance, scatter themselves about the ring—the bugle again sounds, a gate is opened and in bounds a fine looking, dark brown bull, with beautiful head and horns. (These Spanish bulls do not have the short, horizontal horns, and thick, heavy, curly necks of American bulls, but the horns are longer, tapering and stand up, spreading apart as they grow, more like the horns of the wor-ing oxen of New England.) He is smarting with pain from the barb and spear wounds he has received in battle; his shoulders are bloody; he is frightened; mad with anger; he passes a horse conveniently placed near the gate for him to attack; dives at one of the tormentors, who bears a bright colored cloth, or rather dives at the cloth, the cowardly fellow that holds it before the animal taking good care to keep his worth ess carcase out of the way of the bull's horns. These fellows have different high sounding names, such as Piccadors, Bandarillo, Matador, etc., but I shall drop all these and simply call them tormentors, teasers, etc. I shall not even style them bull-fighters, for they don't fight the bull at all, not one of them.

Another red rag is held before the bull at arm's length by another tormentor; the bull dives at it, fastens his horns in it; tormentor drops it, runs for the fence; bull attacks other red rags; other tormenters jump the fence. The crowd don't like such tame sport. A blast of the bugle and another tormentor enters with gaily trimmed barbed arrows, about three feet long; these he is to place in the shoulders of the bull to increase his rage and make him attack the horses. He approaches the animal from the side, don't face him like a man, and while the attention of the bull is drawn to the red rag of another tormentor, succeeds, after several attempts, in planting the barbs in the bull's shoulder, whereat the crowd shout their approval; bull rushes around the ring with the arrows in his shoulder; sees one of the old horses (mounted by iron clad legs); poor old horse can't see bull, for the blinded side of these fiery steeds is always kept to the animal. Bull pitches at the old horse; disembowels him; tumbles him over on to iron clad legs (any boy could throw him down, so weak is he from poverty of flesh); the crowd shout; tormentors draw near with red rags to attract bull's attention, for fear he may pitch into iron clad legs; legs are pulled from under horse, iron clads and all; horse is lifted up; iron clad legs go out of the ring, limping; another iron clad takes his horse and the sport goes on; but it is too tame to suit the crowd of men, women, boys, girls and babies in arms; so the bugle sounds again and another gate is opened for entrance, and, after more attempts and more aid by other tormentors with red rags, plants two more barbs in bull's shoulders, to the great delight of the crowd. Bull gets more angry, chases other red rags; other tormentors leap the fence; two more barbs are planted in bull's shoulders; he pitches into another old horse, rips open his belly, drags out his entrails, throws him on to iron clad legs; red rags again come to the rescue of iron clad legs; horse is killed; but this bull is too tame to suit the crowd and the bull killer is called in to despatch him, which, after several attempts, he does by thrusting a long, keen lance into his neck near the shoulder.

The first horse wounded by the bull has his entrails pushed back into his body, is taken out of the ring, to be brought back again for another bull to finish. The first bull is removed; the tormentors, with red rags, take their places; the iron clad legs straddle other fiery steeds with one eye blinded; the gate again opens, and in comes a fine, dark yellow bull, with a barb in his shoulder, the blood coloring his handsome coat, his eyes flaming anger. With a bound he knocks over old horse No. 1; crowd shouts; evidently there is

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